NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 32.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London, August 4, 1836.

The town is emptying, and in a fortnight the West End will be a solitude. Parliament will immediately break up until February. In France a calm succeeds the recent troubles. In Spain there has been a general *rise* against the present Government, and *for* the more radical Constitution of 1812. In Italy the cholera destructively rages.

A very amusing debate look place on Wednesday, in the House of Commons, on the proposal of £400 to be laid out in the erection of a gallery for the accommodation of the ladies. That they should be allowed to listen to the debates was conceded (in fun) to the motion of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. The Earl of Lincoln and the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that they *personally* objected to the ladies being in the House. Mr. Ewart said they were as much entitled to attend the House of Commons as any other place. Mr. Tooke (an old barrister) thought, "the admission of ladies would interfere with the safe discharge of Members' duties:"—*which* duties? Mr. Potter hoped the House would not treat the ladies "as *mere play things!*" He was afraid, I suppose, that the young legislators would be for *toy*-ing with the fair ones! Sir J. C. Hobhouse objected to the presence of ladies, because many things were said in the House which it would be indecent for ladies to hear, and the ladies would, he thought, make home miserable, by renewing in the day *the transactions of the over night.* (Oh, fie, Sir John!) Lord Palmerston said this was quite a *private* question. He could see no inconvenience that could arise from the presence of ladies during the debate. *For the first night or two some trifling inconvenience might perhaps be felt*, but it would be nothing *when the novelty were off!* What would Madame Vestris say to this? "the novelty wear off," after "some little inconvenience for the first night or two!" The motion was thrown out, and so ladies will *not* be allowed to hear the debates in the Commons. *Tant mieux!* Let them stay at home and mind their household affairs. What do they want with dull and dreary politics?

The *Age* of this morning has just been handed in. It boasts that Bunn has "secured to himself one of the greatest cards that has lately been played in London:"—viz., Mr. **Forrest**, the celebrated American tragedian. Mr. Willis Jones, it says, has engaged to produce Mr. Forrest at one of the principal London theatres, together with the original plays in which he made fame and fortune in America. Bunn gives the use of Drury Lane theatre (of which he is again the lessee), and if Forrest *take* with a London audience, he is to have a given number of nights throughout the season. The *Age* praises Forrest, who deserves praise from higher hands than those of dirty Westmacott, who would as readily abuse him if he went to any other theatre but that of Bunn's, to whom the *Age*, with all its vaunted independence, plays the lackey and lick-shoe.

Perrot, the dancer, is to marry Carlotta Grisi, the *danceuse*.

Taglioni is now quite recovered, and is performing at Paris.

Osbaldeston will have Covent Garden theatre for another season. Mr. Ewing, his quondam partner at the Surrey, has laid 25 double indictments against him, as manager and actor, for the illegal performance of the "legitimate drama" at Sadler's Wells. The penalties, if he be convicted, will amount to £3000. This is a set-off against Osbaldeston's rascally subterfuge, when Ewing asked him for half the profits of the Surrey, "I cannot, because they were illegal profits, as I had no right to act the regular drama at such a theatre."

Malibran is engaged to sing at the Musical Festivals in Manchester and Liverpool. Between these performances she will star, with Templeton, Balfe, &c., in Dublin, in the *Maid of Artois*, *Fidelio*, and *La Sonnambula*. For singing at Manchester and Liverpool, she is to have 1600*l*., or about 200*l*. a day!!

The Italian Opera has closed, last Tuesday, at play-house prices. Money has been made, although the salaries of Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini have been enormous.

Mrs. Waylett is at the Queen's Theatre, and has appeared as *Apollo* in the burletta of *Midas*. In this she introduces some of those ballads which she sings better than Mrs. Honey or Madame Vestris.

Ellen Tree's *Ion*, in Serjeant Talfourd's play of that name, is the attraction at the Haymarket theatre. Vandenhoff DOES *Adrastus*—his acting, in this part, is hard as ebony, and tough as hickory. Ellen Tree heightens the effect of the exquisite poetry with which the drama is crowded, by the unrivalled sweetness of her most perfect and musical intonation. For instance, take this fine portraiture of early love, and think with what delicious effect it must come from lips, whose very sigh is music:—

Ion. Think upon the time
When the clear depths ot thy yet lucid soul
Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,
As if some unseen visitant from heaven
Touch'd the calm lake, and wreath'd its images
In sparkling waves—recall the dallying hope
That on the margin of assurance trembled,
As loth to lose in certainty too bless'd
Its happy being—taste in thought again
Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,
When pansied turf was air to winged feet,
And circling forests, by eternal touch
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,
As if about to melt in golden light
Shapes of one heavenly vision; and thy heart,
Enlarged by its new sympathy with one,
Grew bountiful to all!

Sheridan Knowles is giving the last touches to his new play, which is to be produced at Covent Garden. *He* will sustain a leading character in it. It is unknown if Miss Elphinstone is engaged by Osbaldestone—if so, *she* will be the heroine of the new drama.

We hear a report that Jack Reeve returns to his old station at the Adelphi this season. Given the usual quantity of liquor consumed by said Jack, and tell me how much water would be required to make it into punch?

Rice—Jim Crow—has been re-engaged at the Surrey theatre. He is making money for himself and the manager, Davidge.

Another new piece bringing out at the new Strand theatre, will be dubbed "My Wife and my Umbrella, or the Clerk of the Sun."

Rattlin the Reefer, Capt. Marryatt's new novel, has been dramatised for the Victoria, and will be produced to-morrow.

A new farce, (the best of the season) was produced at the English Opera house on Monday, and has since been repeated with very great and merited applause. It is called *House-room, or the Dishonored Bill.* The fun (of which this farce is full) hangs upon the scrapes of *Major Slenderpurse*, (Wrench,) who is the acceptor of the dishonored bill. He is in debt, and has the bailiffs at his heels. When the farce commences, he appears on the sofa of a banker's drawing-room, where he had joined a party on the previous evening, and thus spends the night. He awakes, and on looking out of the window, sees a couple of bailiffs on the watch for him. His game, therefore, is to remain in the house, and his tricks to effect this are many and funny. The banker appears, enquires what the deuce brought the Major there, and the Major pretends that he has called upon urgent business: he accordingly narrates a very ingenious account of a disputed property, left as a legacy between a highland clan. It kept the house in laughter, heightened now and then by the equivoques and *contre temps* which arise from his situation. At last, the farce is wound up in the usual way, by the author's cutting the skain of multiplied improbabilities. It is a broad farce, and owes its success to Wrench's acting. He coins one subterfuge, and, as it falls through, prepares for another. He is, indeed, the actual maker of this farce, which I dare say will be utterly unreadable in the closet.

Blackwood's Magazine recently had a story, by Douglas Jerrold, called "Job Pipkins, the man who couldn't help it." It has been dramatised by the author, and will be produced at the Strand theatre, where Hammond will play Job Pipkins, the hero.

Barnett's opera of the *Mountain Sylph* was re-produced at the English Opera house last Monday night, being its 112th time of being acted. Mr. Wilson took the part of *Donald*, and Miss Shirreff appeared as *Eolia*—Miss Romer's original character. Pretty Miss Novello was winning and graceful in *Jessie*, and acted as well as sang very pleasingly. I missed Keeley as *Christie*—Oxberry took the part, but Oxberry is no more to Keeley, than that duodecimo comedian is to folio Jack Reeve. Mr. Bland took Phillips's part (*Hela*), and made a mess of it. He is defective in intonation, and his singing both solo and in the scena, was "most tolerable, and not to be endured." Miss Shirreff did not please me as the Sylph quite as much as Miss Romer did:—the music is more suited for Miss Shirreff, but she lacks the simplicity and graceful *impulse* which made Miss Romer's singing and acting, in this part, so *very* charming. If Miss Shirreff will give the *abandon* to her own sensibilities—think more of the music, and less of the audience, she would succeed in pleasing the many—the best judges after all of what good singing or good acting is.

Clari is to be revived also, and a new opera will immediately be produced. The English Opera, at last, will be performed at the English Opera house

Ryan, an Irishman, (who one time conducted an Annual called *Time's Telescope*, and published two volumes called the *Worthies of Ireland*) has written a new musical drama, which was produced at the Haymarket theatre on Thursday evening. It was very successful, and would more deserve this success if the music were original instead of selected. The drama is called *The Second Sight.* There is a Scottish laird named *Fergus*, and *Elspeth* (Mrs. W. Clifford) is a spae-wife, who steals his child in revenge for the loss of her own, when the laird drives her and her gipsy cronies from his demesne. This son, *Malcolm*, returns, quarrels with an Englishman named *Mordaunt*, (Mr. Sinclair)—is taken on a charge of having murdered him—Elspeth appears against him to establish his guilt, and *then* kindly informs Fergus of the identity of the prisoner, whom he has condemned. Just in the nick of time Mordaunt appears—having been severely wounded, but not killed. *Flora* (Miss P. Horton) happens to be in love with Mordaunt, and her guardian, Fergus, gives her in marriage to him. So, all ends well. As far as the acting went, Mrs. W. Clifford was the stay of the piece. Miss P. Horton and Sinclair sang some pretty Scottish songs, which were repeatedly encored. The worst of the drama is, it reminds one of Guy Mannering:—Elspeth and Meg Merrilies, Brown and Malcolm, and so on. To use the Vicar of Wakefield's criticism, the play "would be better if the author had taken more pains."

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

Since our last, Miss **Horton**, (a sister to Mrs. Archer), has made her debut at the Park as Cinderella. She is a pupil of Bordogni's of Paris, and sings with great sweetness and taste. If she was a *very* pretty woman, there would be no resisting her, but as it is, Mr. A. need be under no apprehension of her being run away with.

Mlle. **Augusta**, a most graceful *danseuse*, and charming woman, made a highly successful debut on Friday week last, and has since been nightly gaining upon the admirers of "the poetry of motion." Such eyes as she has—"sure such a pair were never seen." A "poor hurt fowl" in the pit the other night, when asked what he thought of her, replied, "Oh, she's the d—l all over, and then she's got such a leg! 'I beg you wouldn't mention it.'"

The **Keeleys** appeared on Monday. The lady has beautiful ayes, and a fine person; plays unexceptionably, and is a delightful songstress. She has more refinement and taste, but not more spirit nor talent than Mrs. Chapman. She will, however, work her way; the Park required just such a woman, and we make no doubt she will soon be a prodigious favorite, when the audience come to know her better. Mr. Keeley's Peter Spyk is merely clever—not comparable with Latham's. If Mr. Peter Ritchings would loan Mr. Peter Spyk his legs "for this night only, by particular request," there's no telling the latter's *rise* in public estimation. Keeley's "little business" is neat and *apropos*; he reminds one of Wilkinson, whose style, like that of Dowton, and poor Blanchard, is of the old school. To appear to advantage in the same piece with comedians like **Placide** and **Fisher**, is a touchstone of merit of no ordinary character. In their respective lines, their superiors are not to be met with on the stage; and on the whole, we think Keeley acquitted himself as well as his friends had reason to expect.

The National theatre is nightly thronged with the admirers of the legitimate drama, and Miss **Clifton** and **Wallack** have made "troops of friends." Of the latter's acting it is needless to speak; he has played in this city some thirty odd engagements, and made as many personal friends, and won as many enthusiastic admirers as any man of modern times. Wallack is emphatically a gentleman, a first-rate actor, and one of your "devilish good fellows." His popularity is not confined to this city, it is universal; but among his earliest friends and well-wishers—among those who would go farthest to serve him and his, are the New Yorkers.

The sensation excited by Miss **Clifton**'s personations in the highest walks of tragedy, is not less than we have all along predicted. Had London been her birth-place instead of New York, she would have excited a degree of interest that Fanny Kemble would have "coveted." As it is, however, she has little reason to complain; her talents are acknowledged abroad, and are the theme of general admiration at home, where she is without a rival. Her Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Beverley, Bianca, Mrs. Haller, Belvidera, Juliet, Marianna, *et id genus omne*, have been received with acclamation, while her Lady Teazle, Beatrice, and Juliana leave nothing to be desired. We have not the time or room at present to analyze her personations of characters so varied and impassioned—to point out the beauties, and note the blemishes or defects of each: that task we defer to a long winter's night, when musquitoes are scarce, *Fry*-day comes but once a week, and the vulgar prejudice runs in favor of a man's wearing "two coats and every thing handsome about him."

Blake and Dinneford appear to be driving a very fair business at Albany, with **Scott**, **Ingersoll**, and others. We mentioned last week that the managers had offered Mr. **Forrest** the whole receipts for a night's performance. Here is his reply:—

To Messrs. Dinneford and Blake, Albany.

Gentlemen,—Excuse me for not having sooner replied to your munificent offer, which nothing but the pressure of various engagements, that hardly left me time to think, could have caused me to neglect till now. You know my feelings towards yourselves personally, and towards all my friends in Albany too well to need the assurance that such liberality as your offer evinces, would not be necessary to induce me to visit your city, could I do so without violating engagements I am bound to fulfil. The packet in which I sail for England, is on the eve of departure, and I must, therefore, employ the briefest form of speech to assure you of the grateful and respectful sentiments I entertain towards the good people of Albany, and the cordiality with which I am truly yours.

New York, Sept. 16, 1836. EDWIN FORREST.

Power is playing in Baltimore. Where is Mrs. **Chapman**? [we can hardly recognize her as Mrs. Richardson.] Will she not "gang amang her friends i' the North" this season?

Russell has a galaxy of stars at Louisville—among them Mr. and Mrs. Balls, Mrs. Lewis and "her man Friday," Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Drake, Parsons, F. S. Hill, and ever so many more. Caldwell is also carrying on the war with spirit at the rival house.

Finn is still playing at the Tremont, Boston; **Booth** is at the National, where Mrs. **Anderson**, formerly Miss Pelby, is a great card.

Mr. **Hart**, of the Georgia theatres, has just closed that at Columbus, after clearing $5000 in eight weeks. He is coming to this city for recruits, say the papers there.

The Bangor theatre, all the way down in the State of sin and misery, yclept Maine, is just finished; it was thrown open on Saturday night for inspection, and filled from pit to gallery.—An editor says it will never be so full again.

THE BOWERY THEATRE DESTROYED!

We regret to state that about five o'clock on Wednesdsy morning, the American Theatre, Bowery, was discovered to be on fire, and notwithstanding the promptness of the Fire Department in repairing to the dismal scene, in less than an hour it was utterly destroyed! The theatre and lot were the property of Messrs. Hamblin, Hamilton, Sandford, and Gouverneur, whose loss is estimated at about $150,000. Mr. Hamblin, the manager, was the severest sufferer, in scenery, properties, etc. to the amount of over $70,000. His policy of insurance expired only three weeks since, and *had not* been renewed, owing to the high premium charged. *He was not insured a dollar!*

The location of the theatre and its value, has long prevented the opening of Canal-street as an avenue from the Bowery to the North river, as in order to effect this, the theatre must have been torn down. The Corporation will doubtless take steps to purchase the site, and as the Zoological Institute proposed erecting next season a theatre nearly opposite where the Bowery stood, Mr. Hamblin may possibly be induced to turn his attention to some *locale* in Broadway whereupon to erect a new house.

This is the second time the Bowery has been destroyed by fire. It was burned about eight years since, while under Gilfert's management, and *was entirely rebuilt in sixty days!* Hamblin is a man of great enterprize and spirit, and will have a new theatre open by New Year's Day. Let him select a good site and "go ahead!"

☞ *Theatrical Portraits.*—The series promised in the Spirit of the Times, will commence forthwith, with that of Mr. **Forrest**. We had intended to announce its appearance in next Saturday's paper, as it is ready—that is, it is *almost* ready. It will be withheld but a few weeks—perhaps not more than one—longer.

We recommend to the kind attention of an intelligent public a collection of *Paintings*, now exhibiting at No. 157 Broadway, brought to this country by H. T. D. **Thieleck**. Among them are some of the artist's own productions, and so far as we may presume to judge, well deserving notice. That merit may meet encouragement, we would draw the attention of the patronizers of the fine arts to this collection, being perfectly assured that none visiting it will go away ungratified.

Original Varieties.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10, 1836.

DEAR SIR—Mr. Oliver was mistaken; *Agility* is neither in training nor with Mr. Garrison. She was put to *Apparition* last season, and is probably now on the estate of her owner, Mr. Bowie, in Prince George's County, Md. Other intelligence of the kind, that I believe to be correct, conveyed in my last communication, I supposed might interest yourself or your subscribers. The letter itself was not prepared for publication, or it should have been written with more care. "*Pythias*," though "of no account in the race," to use another's language, "was" *not literally* "nowhere," but was well placed numerically the first and third heats, though at no moment is he believed to have been backed for the purse.

Mr. Stratton's challenge must have been entrusted to a private hand. Whenever I saw the trainer, Hope Butler, he inquired of me if it had appeared. This anxiety was the cause of my interference.

It was not my intention to impose upon *you*, my dear sir, except editorially or in the way of your associations, the trouble "to hunt up pedigrees;" but conscious of your willingness to labor "pro bono publico," I thought you would view the inquiry in that light, and might, without much inconvenience to yourself, collect and publish the "well authenticated pedigrees," of not only your vicinage, but of more remote sections of the country where possibly the Turf Register does not reach. The object too might be anticipated as well as the usual accounts of racing, even if the pedigrees should ultimately find a place in *the* Register. I think you are mistaken in the opinion that "the pedigrees of horses now in training on Long Island would fill a volume of the Turf Register."—Only *brief* pedigrees are *wanting*, like *Zohrab's* in your last paper, that occupies but *three* lines, and is *as full* as can be desired. It conveys *every particular* as to blood, age, color, ownership, location and price of services. The ancestry *being on record*, nothing more need be desired than the names of progenitors in their appropriate succession, with the name, sex, color, age and owner of the nag whose pedigree is given. The following condensed form, in regard to a few of *your* most noted horses and colts, may serve as a model. Breeders, owners and trainers, may enable you to add others.

Post Boy, ch. h. foaled 1831, by Henry out of Garland,[*] by Duroc. (Now in training by Buckley, at my stable on Long Island.)

New-York, Sept. 10, 1836. ROBT. TILLOTSON.

Mingo, b. h. foaled 1831, by Eclipse, dam Bay Bett, by Rattler out of Argyle's gr. dam. (Now in training by Saml. Laird, at Colt's Neck, N. J.)

Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1836. C. IRVINE.

Coronet, ch. c. foaled 1833, by Henry, out of Medoc's dam. (Now in training by Buckley, at my stable on Long Island.)

New-York, Sept. 10, 1836. ROBT. TILLOTSON.

Fanti, ch. f. foaled 1833, by Henry out of Janette, sister to Sir Charles. (Now in training by Isaac Van Leer, at my stable on Long Island.)

New-York, Sept. 10, 1836. JOHN C. STEVENS.

When a pedigree does not speedily terminate, as the above, or at some known brood mare, it would be well to give the names of sires of dams, as in Zohrab's pedigree, some six or seven generations. In this way two or three columns of your paper might embrace full pedigrees of more than all the horses in training on Long Island, if they be upwards of a hundred.

Let me recommend *to you*, your correspondents and the Secretaries of Jockey Clubs, *as a model*, the account of racing in Kentucky, as published in your last paper. Were that form universally adopted for a series of years, in course of time it would of itself form a Stud Book of the best racing stock. The most curious would learn the essential circumstances, viz.—the owner or starter, the name and color of the horse, gelding, mare, colt or filly, their sire and dam—age, weight, position at the close of the race, the time it was run, the purse and distance; all, too, expressed in the most succinct terms.

Flattered by the request of a continuance of my correspondence, I take the liberty of making these suggestions with a view of promoting the object you have undertaken—the diffusion of *correct* information on *all* matters pertaining to the Turf.

Respectfully, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
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[*] Were not Garland's pedigree published, it would be desirable to have the pedigree continued to that of some known mare, as "Hamiltonian, Miller's Damsel, Eclipse's dam."

BATESVILLE JOCKEY CLUB.

DEAR PORTER—The Batesville (Arkansas) Jockey Club met yesterday, the 20th ult., and arranged their purses &c., for the Fall Meeting, which will commence on the 29th of September. The officers for the ensuing year are:

JAMES BOSWELL, Esq., *President.*
THOMAS T. TUNTSALL, } *Vice Presidents.*
JOHN RINGGOLD,
ELIAS N. CORUTH,
WILLIAM L. MCGUIRE,
HENRY R. HYNSON, *Treasurer.*
C. F. M. NOLAND, *Recording and Cor. Secretary.*

The rules of the Little Rock Jockey Club have been adopted, with an alteration of their 24th article, which makes a nag taking a heat better in a race than one that does not. The longest liver is best by the rules of this Club. The Club ordered their Secretary to subscribe for the "American Turf Register" and "New-York Spirit of the Times." Our Course is exactly a mile, located on light elastic soil. Its position with regard to the State is nearly central. I have no doubt but we shall have fine sport. The colt race comes off on the 21st of September.

The Secretary has furnished me with the amount of purses, &c.

First Day—Batesville Jockey Club Fall Meeting, Sept. 29th, 1836, mile heats—purse $180, with entrance money.

Second Day—Two mile heats, purse $230, with entrance money.

Free for any horse mare or gelding in the United States. Weights—2 years old, a feather; 3 yrs., 80 lbs.; 4 yrs., 94 lbs.; 5 yrs., 106 lbs.; 6 yrs., 112 lbs.; 7 and upwards, 120 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

C. F. M. NOLAND, *Rec.'and Cor. Secretary.*

Truly yours, N.

ORIGIN OF RACING.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

As early as the reign of Henry II., we find that in Smithfield, then a mart for horses—those exposed for sale were matched against each other to show their qualities. King John, who was a sportsman, kept running horses. The Edwards, II. III. and IV., were breeders of horses, and Henry the VIIIth imported some from the East; but we are not to associate them with those now used for the turf; as they appear rather to have been light and speedy animals, used in active pursuits, and named in contradistinction to the war horse, then required to be very powerful, and to carry a man in armor, a weight of never less than 20 stone. The invention of gunpowder, and the consequent abandonment of armor, were the first causes of the change of breed in the English horses; and racing between the lighter animals seems to have been frequent in the time of Elizabeth; but it was not until the reign of James I. that private matches between gentlemen—then their own jockeys—became common.

The first public race meetings appear at Gartesley, in Yorkshire, Croydon, in Surrey, and Theobald's on Enfield Chase: the prize being a golden bell. The art of training may now be said to have commenced. Strict attention was paid to the food and exercises of the horses, but the effect of weight was not taken into consideration, ten stones being generally, we have reason to believe, both the maxium and minium of what the horses carried. James patronized racing; he gave 500 pounds, a vast price in those days, for an Arabian, which, according to the Duke of Newcastle, was of little value, having been easily beaten by our native horses. The first valuable prize, a silver gilt cup and cover, the gift of the Alderman of Stamford, was run for there in the time of Charles the Ist, and races were afterwards held in 1640, both at Newmarket and in Hyde Park.

Cromwell was not indifferent to the breed of race horses. The oldest of our pedigrees end with that of White Turk, one of his stallions: and he had a famous mare, called the Coffin Mare, from her being concealed in a vault during the search for his effects at the time of the Restoration. Charles II. encouraged racing, and in his reign the prizes began to be valuable; amongst them were pieces of plate of the value of one hundred guineas and upward. This monarch also imported mares from Barbary, and was the breeder of Dodsworth, the earliest race horse whose pedigree can be properly authenticated. James II., when he retired to France, kept English horses. William and Mary patronized the turf, adding several plates to former donations. George Ist instituted King's Plates, as they have since been termed, being one hundred guineas in cash. The Godolphin Arabian, the founder of our best blood, appeared in the reign of George II. In the fourth year of George the III., Eclipse was foaled, and from that period English racing may be dated.

KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION STOCK FAIR FOR 1836.

Our special reporter writes from Lexington, Ky., that the Grand Annual Stock Fair of the Association commenced its exhibition on Monday, the 5th inst., and was numerously attended by the lovers and breeders of fine stock from all sections of the State, and also from those adjacent. Kentucky is decidedly in advance of her sister States in the superior breed and excellence of her Horned Stock, nor is she far behind them in the character and reputation of her thoroughbred Horses. For the improvement of the breed of the latter, several of the best Stallions have been introduced, and among them, at the Fair, none showed to more advantage than the imp. horse *Tranby*, who was exhibited by J. WHITE, Esq., of Richmond.

The Fair opened with the exhibition of Horned Cattle—the following gentlemen having been appointed *Judges:*—

Henry Clay, Jacob Hughes, Isaac Cunningham, George Rennich (of Ohio), Andrew Simpson, and Wm. T. Hume, Esqs. John Brand, Thos. Smith, Thos. P. Hart, *Committee*. Thos. P. Hart, *Secretary*.

1. The premium for the best bull was awarded to *Matchem* and *Exception*, the judges being equally divided.

2. The second premium (the judges being again divided,) was awarded to *Exception* and *Clay*, (Berryman's) bred by Benj. Warfield.

3. The premium for the best two-year old bull was awarded to Dunn & Smith, for their bull, *Prince George*, bred in England.

4. The second premium for the best two year old bull was awarded to Thos. P. Dudley, for his bull *Nicholas Biddle*, by Triumph, bred by Mr. D.

5. The first premium for the best one year old bull was awarded to Will. Stanhope, for his bull *Jackson*, by Champion, bred by Mathew Kennedy.

6. The second premium for the best one year old bull was awarded to Henry Clay, for his bull *Beppo*, by Orazimbo, bred by the owner.

7. The premium for the best sucking bull calf was awarded to Maslin Smith: for his calf *Don Juan*, by the Duke of York, bred by Sam. Smith.

8. The premium for the second best bull calf was awarded to Thos. H. Clay, for his calf *Toro*, by Defiance, bred by the owner.

9. The premium for the best cow was awarded to *Belina*, the property of Gratz & Cooper, by Malcolm, dam Belina, bred by J. H. Powell, of Phila.

10. The premium for the second best cow was awarded to Walter Dunn, for his red cow *Red Rose*, imported from England.

11. The premium for the best and second best two year old heifer was awarded to Dunn & Smith, for their heifer *Jewess*, and Wallis and Kennard for their heifer *Olivia*, the judges being unable to determine the best of the two.

12. The premium for the best one year old heifer was awarded to David Sutton, for his heifer *Mary Jane*, by Trumpet, dam Lady Keene, bred by the owner.

13. The premium for the second best one year old heifer was awarded to Benj. Warfield, for his heifer *Paulina*, by Pontiac, dam Lucinda, bred by the owner.

14. The premium for the best sucking heifer calf was awarded to Gratz & Cooper, for their calf *Racillia*, by Bertrand, dam Mandame First, bred by J. H. Powell, of Phila.

15. The premium for the second best sucking calf was awarded to G. R. Tompkins, for his calf *Snowdrop*, by Accommodation, dam White Rose, imported by Walter Dunn.

16. The premium for the best fatted bullock was awarded to Isaac Shelby, for his *Redspade* heifer.

17 The premium for the second best fatted bullock was awarded to Richard Childs, for his spotted bullock.

18. The premium for the best yoke of oxen was awarded to Jacob Hughes, for his red oxen.

19. The premium for the best lot of fatted cattle was awarded to Jacob Hughes for his lot.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, SEPT. 6TH, 1836.—HORSES.

Judges,—James Quarles, G. D Hunt, John White, S. Cooper, and H. Clay, Esquires.

1. The premium for the best 3 year old Stallion was awarded to David Rees, for his Stallion *Chief Justice Marshall*, by Bertrand, dam Cleopatra.

2. The premium for the second best 3 year old Stallion was not awarded, there being no competitors.

3. The premium for the best 2 year old Stallion was awarded to G. F. Keene, for his Stallion *Razicki*, oy Kosciusko, dam by Cherokee.

4. The premium for the second best 2 year old Stallion was awarded to John Brand, for his Stallion *Duke of Gordon*, by Bertrand, dam Lady Adams.

5. The premium for the best 1 year old Stallion was awarded to James Erwin, for his Stallion *Medoc*, by Medoc, dam Pandora.

6. The premium for the second best 1 year old Stallion was awarded to Geo. F. Keene, for his Stallion *Sir Charles*, by Lance, dam by Cherokee.

7. The premium for the best sucking horse Colt was awarded to George F. Keene, for his Colt *Camden*, by Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee.

8. The premium for the second best sucking horse Colt was awarded to John Brand, for his *Chesnut Colt*, by Medoc, dam Lady Adams.

9. The premium for the best Mare was awarded to Jas. G. McKenney, for his Mare *Marguerite*, by Sumpter, dam by the Duke of Bedford.

10. The premium for the second best Mare was awarded to Elisha Warfield, for his bl. Mare *Susette*, oy Aratus, dam Jenney Cockracy.

11. The premium for the best 3 year old Filly was awarded to Jas. Erwin, for his Filly *Stamboulina*, by Stamboul, dam Grey Goose.

12. The premium for the second best 3 year old Filly was awarded to Richard Childs, for his Filly *Kitty Muse*, by Shakspeare, dam by Sir William of Transport.

13. The premium for the best 2 year old Filly was awarded to James Lindsay, for his *Bay Filly*, by Bertrand, dam by Snap.

14. The premium for the second best 2 year old Filly was awarded to J. T. Berryman, for his Filly *Miss Singleton*, by Kosciusko, dam by Paragon.

15. The premium for the best 1 year old Filly was awarded to E. Warfield, for his bay Filly *Merrygold*, by Sir Leslie, dam Rowena.

16. The premium for the second best 1 year old Filly was awarded to Charles Buford, for his *Chesnut Filly* by Medoc, dam Butterfly.

17. The premium for the best sucking mare Colt was awarded to Wm. Stanhope, for his colt *Ophelia*, by Medoc, dam by Cook's Whip.

18. The premium for the second best mare Colt was awarded to James Berry, for his Colt by Medoc, dam Melissa.

19. The premium for the best Gelding was awarded to G. D. Hunt, for his bay horse.

20. The premium for the best pair of Carriage horses was awarded to Saml. James, for his pair of black horses.

The following are among the number of gentlemen who exhibited their stock:—Benj. Warfield, E. Worther, Samuel D. Martin, John W. Hunt, B. P. Gray, James N. Brown, Wm. Rabands, James Garrard, Maslin Smith, Wm. Stanhope, Thos. P. Dudley, Thos. Y. Brent, H. C. Hart, Jefferson Scott, Abm. Rennick, Wallis & Kennard, Thos. H. Clay, Walter Dunn, G. R. Tompkins, Dunn & Smith, D. Sutton, George F. Keene, Henry Clay, D. J. Flowurnay, Wm. Hickman, Dr. E. Warfield, Ben. Gratz & Cooper, Richard Childs, Samuel Smith, John Hart, C. C. Morgan, James Shelby, Isaac Shelby, J. T. Berryman, Jacob Hughes, R. Pindell, Samuel M. James, James G. McKenney, Craig Ashhurst, Geo. Keene, Wm. Dunlap, Jas. E. Davis, Parker Todhunter, Thos. Hughes, Felix Burns, David Rees, L. Bailey, James Lindsay, Geo. W. Brown, John Brand, Edward Blackburn, George J. Shanklin, Andrew McClure, H. T. Duncan, A. K. Woolley, John McKenzie, Charles Buford, Robert Wickliffe, G. D. Hunt, Thos. Smith, James Erwin, Richard W. Downing, John Brennan, James Berry, etc.

THIRD DAY, Sept. 8.—MULES and JACKS.

The exhibition of *Mules* and *Jacks* commenced this morning, and I was much pleased in noticing the improvement to which the gentlemen of Kentucky have brought the breed. This, of late years, has become a great object, the producers of stock frequently obtaining 150 dollars a-piece for them, and from that down to 100 dollars.—Mr. WHITE has refused 5000 dollars for a Jack called *Black Hawk*, which he bought from Mr. ROBT. GILMOUR, of Baltimore.

Yours truly, K.

AMERICAN RIFLEMEN IN ENGLAND.

SOUTHAMPTON, July, 1836.

After having supped in the coffee room with several very agreeable and intelligent fellows, I smoked a cigar with a rather gentlemanly and spirited young man, who was dressed in a green hunting coat with yellow buttons, low crowned and broad brimmed hat, with a riding whip in his hand. He seemed to be well known to every body, and conversed in a fluent, easy and manly way upon all kinds of sporting topics—hunting, racing, shooting, &c. &c. I soon found that he was one of the most accomplished sportsmen in the neighborhood—and he informed me that a pigeon match was to take place at about a mile distant, the following morning. I resolved to be present. All the feelings of my hunting days in Kentucky and the Far West came over me; I forgot entirely that I was in England—and a stranger. But I did not forget to hasten to my bed room and put my rifle in order. You remember, doubtless, that in my own town I was second to none in the use of that deadly instrument. Therefore, imagine me casting bullets in the kitchen and putting every thing in trim for the purpose of using one of the best rifles our country has produced. My heart beat high with pride and hope; indeed I hardly slept all night for the thought that—should I be lucky, with a single ball too,—how the natives would stare! Forgive me if I felt a confidence bordering upon vanity, I really could not help it; though I knew the birds were only to be fired at with shot—yet I hoped to make a rifle match with some on the ground, (as many spare birds were to be taken.)

The hour came and a large party repaired to the field—I among the rest. I soon found that the sport was uncommon at this season of the year—but the match was held for the purpose of settling a particular bet. The pigeons were brought on the ground in large baskets, and were placed *one*, sometimes *two*, at a time in a kind of trap, at the distance of twenty-one yards from the marksmen. They were called *blue pigeons*, and when the signal was given they fled with great rapidity and strength. The two competitors fired tolerably well, but my sporting friend had the better, because when they fired with double-barrelled guns at "twos," he contrived, with great coolness and dexterity, to bring down both his birds, twice out of three times. The match ended by his killing ten birds out of twelve, while his rival only shot nine. He then turned to me and said—

"I suppose you shoot better than that in America." "No," said I, "that is very tolerable shooting any where." "But," he asked, "What in the name of all that is ridiculous, could have induced you to bring your rifle to a pigeon match! It is of no use whatever in this kind of sport. How small the barrel is! I never saw so singular an instrument."

"It is a piece which requires seventy-five balls to the pound." "Pshaw!" exclaimed he, "I never heard of such a thing, it can have but little power. Our rifles carry balls of three quarters of an ounce each."

"Well, I will try you at six pigeons each with it, giving you the advantage of one, just for a friendly dinner between four of us."

"Agreed! Not that I expect to win—but as I have gained something handsome already, I am not particular about losing. Besides, I do not believe that even you, with all your practice, can possibly strike a bird with a single ball. It seems so extraordinary."

The birds were trapped one by one, and public expectation was excited, I do assure you, to a very great degree. Even I began to fancy I had been too self-confident in offering to shoot pigeons with a rifle. However, the distance tempted me, and I knew if they fled straight forward I should have a good chance.

We cast lots for the first shot; it fell to my rival. I loaded and he fired—but he missed every shot. He bore the disappointment, however, with excellent humor. I took the rifle—the first bird flew slant-wise in so singular a manner that I could not bring the sight to bear,—after raising my piece to my shoulder I lowered it again, and allowed the pigeon to escape without firing. You know the Kentucky rule—"Never shoot till you are sure." The second bird served me in the same manner, and I again lowered my piece. The by-standers manifested signs of disappointment and dissatisfaction, and I—I must confess, felt the very reverse of comfortable. The third pigeon was loosed, and she fled straight a-head: and when at the distance of 70 yards at least, a rifle ball whistled through the air and—she fell. A loud shout proclaimed my success. Another I succeeded with, and at a greater distance. The people were literally delighted, for they positively understand nothing here about rifle shooting. "Now," said I, "if I kill the next I will not fire at another—but let any other gentleman try that pleases." I said this, because I did not wish to risk the missing of either of them, if I pulled the trigger, that is, if I could possibly avoid it. A dead silence ensued, now and then only interrupted by the audible whispers of "American"—"an American"—"Well, it is extraordinary"—"couldn't have believed it if I had not seen it," &c. &c. Do not imagine I was conceited—I was not—I felt as if I were shooting for the honor of my country—that sentiment nerved and steadied my hand and eye, and gave me hopes of victory. This, the last bird, flew upwards—but still straight a-head, and in a second or so, fell, having received the ball at a still greater distance than the other two. The applause was tremendous, and I was regarded as a prodigy by all around—while I felt quite cool upon the business, as you know that amongst Western hunters, it would have been merely considered "pretty fair shooting"—but nothing wonderful. I will not conceal, however, that I experienced a gratification approaching to triumph, as I returned to town with the party—and this was not diminished when "my health," coupled with the "Prosperity of America," was drank after dinner. To gratify my new friends, I have given them a direction in the United States, where they may obtain good rifles. They intend sending for four genuine American.

Correspondence of Saturday Chronicle.

BRAVE SPORT--LONG ISLAND SPORT!

Readers! perhaps you are fond of sporting. Perhaps at times you shoulder your Manton and beat the bush all day long for a few woodcock, or creep away the knees of your pantaloons, to obtain half a dozen Plover. Perhaps, too, you go off occasionally in a smack, and suffer wet, weariness and hunger, for a hundred bass or a few dozen black fish or porgies. Sporting reader, I was once like you, weak, silly, and ignorant. I used to think such excursions *sport*, but I have grown older, and know better. Such fiddling business has no longer any zest for me. I can tell you of sport, *great* sport, about which as sportsmen say, "there is *no mistake*." Listen and "*look wild*."

At the east end of Long Island, it has long been known, that the farmer fishermen obtain miraculous draughts of fishes, of the kind called "moss-bunkers" or "bony shad." They do not hang over boats all day long, pulling up single fish; nor do they think a boat load much of a matter. They go for *millions*, and their hauls are only to be counted in bushel baskets, or double wagons. They drag the sea to cover the land, and to catch a few million of fish at a time is *tolerable sport*. But after all, these bony fish are but the "small fry." They are too bony and too plentiful to be eaten, and are spread over the land to be rotted into manure, until their "offence is rank and smells to heaven."

The moss-bunkers, however, have something to do with the sport I am about to speak of, and to keep the game no longer out of view, I will mention it at once. I speak of CATCHING SHARKS.

This is a sport which princes could not attempt, unless they had stout hearts and strong sinews, and a fishing ground like Long Island. Kings, Queens and Suffolk counties, however, (despite their names), are not to be governed by princes. They are true "republican" counties, and may every man in Suffolk long enjoy the privilege of catching his own "sharks." But now to the description of sharking. Shall we attempt it? Our feeble powers already falter—we shall make but a paltry fist at it!

It is said that they "bob for whales" somewhere in the neighborhood of Nantucket. We have always doubted the story; but at any rate, next to bobbing for whales, comes catching sharks, and this is what we term *great* sport. The manner of the sport is this:—

Of a morning or afternoon, just as the tide serves the fishermen to go down upon the beach to draw the seine for moss-bunkers, the draught is generally as we have said before, "miraculous." The fish are drawn in a solid body towards the shore, and when they become too solid to move any further, the men step into the water with perforated handbarrows, shovel in the poor wretches, wheel them out, and pile them in pyramids upon the shore. Frequently a few sharks, generally small ones, are enclosed in the net, but generally the crafty scoundrels keep outside the corks, to pick up the dead and disabled fish. As the nets are drawn in the sharks are seen a few rods from the shore, diving through the surf, showing their white bellies and blue backs, and murdering promptly every poor bony who slips through his meshy prison.

Now then is the time! The scoundrels are but a few rods from the shore.—"Venture a herring to catch a shad," is an old maxim, which we venture to transmogrify into "venture a moss-bunker to catch a shark."

Here is a hook large enough to hang your hat on, and a substantial clothes line. Impale a bony fish, fix him on fast, let his blood run freely, and now for a fling far out in the tide. There that was fairly done! Your bait is upon the waters. You have your Bony for your champion and now for a *Waterloo* battle. Your line sways loosely in your hand—but see, there it goes, look out, and now hold fast—there it straightens—hurrah boys, you've got him to a dead certainty—let him run a little, and now stick to him, like death to a dead negro!—You have him fixed; the hook is fairly in his gills, and now comes the tug of war; bony is fairly chewed up, but his enemy will find him rather hard of digestion.

Pull away, don't let the line slip through your fingers, give to it glory! he's a stout fellow! a real pealer, he makes you sweat like water—gad, he'll have you down—now he comes it—yo heave ho, pull away! now he drags, and there by George you land him! Jimmy, how he flounces, he ain't much of a fish, though! he won't weigh more than *a hundred and fifty*.

Fury how he snaps—dab a pole in his jaws and get your hook out—tumble him on one side, and then for another throw. "Stranger," as Nimrod Wildfire says, this is *Long Island Sporting*. Long Island Star.

London New Monthly Magazine for August.

This is a very various number, or, as Messrs. Sewell and Cross say of their summer stock, "great choice of first-rate articles." Mrs. S. C. Hall continues her "Harry O'Reardon," though his fate is still in suspense; and very interesting it is. But we are especially delighted with Leigh Hunt's *Zoological Gardens*—it is full of fancy and good feeling, together with some touches of genuine humor. We quote a few passages from it; and also from a set of portraits, a sketch of that universally well-known person, a borrower.

Fancy yourself coming home from the play or opera, humming "Deh vieni, non tardar," or "Meet me by moonlight alone;" and, as you are turning the corner in Wimpole-street, meeting a tiger! What should you *say?* You would find yourself pouring forth a pretty set of Rabelaisque exclamations:—

"Eh—Oh—Oh Lord!—Hollo!—Help!—Help!—Murder!—Tigers!—U—u—u—u—u—u!—*My God!—Policeman!*"

Enter POLICEMAN.

Policeman.—"Good God!—A gentleman with a tiger." [*Exit* Policeman.

In one of Moliere's exquisite extravaganzas between his acts is a scene betwixt a man and a bear, who has caught him in its arms. The man tries every expedient he can think of to make the bear considerate, and among others flatters him in the most excessive manner, calling him, at last, his "Royal Highness." The bear, however, whom we are to fancy all this while on its hind legs, looking the man, with horrible indifference, in the face, and half dancing him from side to side in its heavy shuffle, is not at all to be diverted from his dining purposes; and he is about to act accordingly, when hunters come up and take off his attention. Up springs the man into a tree; and with the cruelty of mortified vanity (to think of all the base adulation he has been pouring forth), the first words he utters respecting his "Royal Highness" are, "Shoot him!"

Not without its humor, though real, is a story of a bear in one of the northern expeditions (I forget which). Two men, a mate and a carpenter, had landed somewhere to cut wood, or look for provisions; and one of them was stooping down, when he thought some shipmate had followed him, and was getting, boy-like on his shoulders. "Be quiet," said he, "get down." The unknown did not get down; and the man, looking up as he stooped, saw the carpenter staring at him in horror. "Oh mate!" exclaimed the carpenter, "*It's a bear!*" Think what the man must have felt when he heard this explanation of the weight on his shoulders! No tragedy, however, ensued.

Pleasant enough are such stories, so ending; but of all deaths, that by a wild beast must be one of the most horrible. There is action, indeed, to diminish the horror; but frightful must be the unexpectedness—the unnaturalness—the clawing and growling—the hideous and impracticable fellow-creature, looking one in the face, struggling with us, mingling his breath with ours—tearing away scalp or shoulder-blade.

To return, however, to our Gardens—places safe enough, doubtless, and only to be mentioned on this point by way of jest. The next thing that struck me was *the quiet*—and, in connexion with this, *the creatures' accommodation of themselves to circumstances*, and the *human-like sort of intercourse into which they get with their visitors.* With wild beasts we associate the ideas of rage and howling. On reflection, we recollect that this is not found to be the case; that travellers pass deserts in day time, and neither see nor hear them; and that it is at night they are to be looked for in true wild-beast condition, and then only if raging with appetite. It is no very extraordinary matter, therefore, to find them quiet by day, especially when we consider how their wants are attended to; and yet we cannot but think it strange that they should be so, put, as they are, into an unnatural condition, under bars and bolts. More of this, however, presently.—Let us look at them as making friends with us, receiving buns and biscuits, and being as close to us (by permission of those same bars) as dogs and cats. This is a very different position of things from the respectful distance kept in the African sands or in the jungle! I am afraid it breeds contempt in some, or at least indifference; and that people do not always find the pleasure they expect in the sight. I could not help admiring one visitor the other day, who hastened from den to den, and from beast to bird, twirling an umbrella, and giving little self-complacent stops at each, not longer than if he were turning over a book of prints, while waiting to transact some business. "Hah!" he seemed to be saying to himself, "this is the panther, is it? Hem—panther. What says the label here? 'Hyæna Capensis.' Hem—Hyæna—Hah! a thing untameable. 'Grisly bear.' Hah!—grisly—Hem—very like. Boa—'Tiger Boa'—Hah!—Boa in a box—Hem—Sleeping, I suppose. Very different from seeing him squeeze somebody. Hem. Well, I think it will rain. Terrible thing *that*—spoil my hat!"

The Borrower:—The Borrower, with admirable consistency of character, borrows his motto from Shakspeare—"Base is the slave who pays!" He understands the meaning of the verb "to give," as in the case of a political subscription, or a charitable donation, of which lists are published in the papers.—Generous people give—poor-spirited people pay. He looks upon himself as a professor of the most ancient and noble art extant—the art of borrowing. He is proud to call himself an Englishman, because the said art has here been cultivated beyond any other. In modern times, more especially, it has been brought almost to perfection; and has been so closely studied, and so fondly cherished by statesmen and economists, that it may justly lay claim to be distinguished as the great national art. Mr. Pitt is, of course, his *beau-ideal* of a minister; and he holds Britannia to be the envy of surrounding nations, by virtue of her having been able to get her acceptances discounted to the extent of eight hundred millions. He thinks it the duty of every subject living under such a state, to follow the state's example; and as he preaches so he practices.

By the art of borrowing he of course means borrowing money. All other loans he despises, except in cases of extremity, as misapplications of great powers, and as tending to bring a great principle into a familiarity which breeds contempt.—To be sure, the man who borrows ready-made articles is no fool, but he is a small dealer, and generally disgraces the art. What can he promise himself? What does he attain to? He can seldom get beyond a set of books, an umbrella, or a great coat; this is poor work, and renders borrowing a bore to both parties. The highest achievement in this department is a horse and a gig; and what can you do with it when you have got it? A borrower cannot afford to injure his credit by driving anything so suspicious as a gig; and to sell a borrowed one for even twice as much as it is worth, is an offence against the laws; a borrower of this stamp can hardly pretend to more sagacity than a lendee. Borrowing a house, ready furnished of course, for the season, or a sailing boat for a month, may be a more respectable course, and it occasionally receives high sanction; but, in the end, both the villa and the vessel must be delivered back to the right owners (as the phrase is), which, to a borrower of the smallest susceptability of feeling, is always unpleasant.

Money alone, the sure means of purchasing pleasures of any pattern, the medium for the exercise of our own free will—the power of defying the world—

The glorious privilege
Of being independent.

This alone is worthy the great soul, the proud purpose, the noble ambition of the enlightened borrower; he should, as Cobbett used to say, "get gold, and keep it." He will take good care, at all events, if he have the least pretensions to honor, never to pay it back.

Such is his urbanity that you cannot offend him—you are "not at home" to him three times a day for a whole week; but, on the eighth morning, he meets you coming out, and presses your hand with as much fervor as if it had just given him a checque. His disinterestedness is equally conspicuous; give him your acceptance for a hundred, and you may have his for a thousand, at what date you will. He is the first to rejoice at the repeal of the usury laws, because he can now offer you your own terms; one rate of per centage is the same to him as another; and let it not be insinuated to his dispraise that he was ever known to break faith with you. His frank and emphatic "Of course," in reply to your doubtful drawling, "May I depend upon you?" means just what it says. If you cannot depend upon the man who never means to pay, where can you rest dependence? Would you rely on him who is trusting to a mere endeavor—to that rope of sand, a good intention? on one who will certainly pay you if he *can!* No, here there can be no dependence. But on him who, like the sentimental traveller, is pre-determined not to give you a single sous, you may rest in unhesitating reliance. A resolution to pay is scratched on glass, a determination not to pay is cut in marble.

Among the papers in the "United Service Journal," is a very remarkable one, "The battle of Jena." Some old favorites are continued, and there are some agreeable novelties. We add one or two extracts.

Spanish Anecdote:—Cordova is invariably attended by an escort of infantry called carbineros, and a small body of cavalry. The former are, generally speaking, some of the finest men I ever beheld, and the most enterprising, capable of supporting the most inconceivable fatigue, and at times, literally running by the side of the mounted officers of the staff for leagues. Many of these individuals are Navarrese, and some who have deserted from the Carlist army, or have been taken in action, are promoted to this, as they conceive it a post of honor, for good conduct and distinguished bravery. By these men almost every action is commenced. They do not exceed fifty in number, but on the approach of an enemy they extend themselves into a line of skirmishers, and frequently perform most daring exploits; a few only remaining by the general's side. Frequently, after a long and harrassing day's march, (which has been interrupted by the douanios or pesateros of the Carlists, who are ever ready to take advantage of a thick wood, or rocky eminence, from which they fire into the very centre of a column on the march, frequently killing and wounding several men, and then retire by such ground as prevents the possibility of their being taken) have I been delighted, after taking up my quarters for the night, by these men, who, parading the streets, sing their wild and beautiful Spanish airs, accompanied by the guitar, which is always carried by one of the party. A ludicrous story is even told of him whose turn it was to carry this precious load, who having, during the heat of action, entirely forgotten that he had such a burden, and having been carried on too far by his valor, was found dreadfully wounded, and not being able to move from the ground, on seeing the enemy advancing, cried out to his comrades, "Comrades, if you cannot save me, save the guitar which cost four dollars."

Military Harangues:—The practice is of the highest antiquity. Homer makes his heroes not only speechify the troops in general, but they harangue each other in mighty sounding verse. The Romans followed up this practice, and their speeches to the troops must in some degree have resembled the orations of modern radicals: a general, before any enterprise, "formed a ring," and then laid before the soldiers all his martial projects; if he was a good fellow, and they liked his *palaver*, they gave him a general *clitter clatter* with their swords on their shields; if, on the contrary, he was dull and prosy, he received three groans, after the manner of the upper gallery in Dublin. Hamilcar, Hannibal, Asdrubel, and Co., copied this practice from their rivals, but it does not seem to have reached the taciturn Orientals, and gradually expired in the latter ages of the Roman Empire; nor has it been much revived by the moderns, with the exception of the French, who delight in such a theatrical display. Perhaps Bonaparte owed a good deal of his *prestige* to his talent in this way. It is said that at St. Helena he asked one of the English if the Duke of Wellington had much talent in haranguing troops; and seemed much surprised to hear that he never attempted it, and if he did, would probably be laughed at.

John Bull seems, in his military capacity, impatient of long speeches; but a word thrown in *a propos* often tells well. When ready to start on this enterprise, our commanding officer addressed us in a way at least not to be tiresome: "Soldiers, I'm a d—d bad hand at a speech. Spare the women and children; for the rest, you know what to do with them." This was declared by one of the men, who was the wit of his company, to be "short and sweet, like the gallop of a jackass."

A Sailor's Will:—"To my old friend and messmate, Capstan, I leave all my gin tubs, rum kegs, beer jugs, glasses, and all them other public house rigging and tackle.

"To Tom Hallyard, my best blue jacket and trowsers, *provided they arn't worn out before I die.*

"To Bill Blake, my silver watch with the new blue hands, together with my best tobacco box, and the remaining cargo of pipes. And as to what money may happen to be aboard the bank when I slips my cable, why, that may be spent in grog after all my funeral expenses are paid.

"My funeral to be attended by such of my messmates as can get leave to attend (provided they don't get too much grog aboard afore the sarvice begins); and as for an *epitaph* at the top of my grave, why, just write—'*Here lies Jack Helm—Stormy Jack—becalmed at last!*'"

THE WESTERN HUNTER TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY C. HOFFMAN.

Wend love with me, to the deep woods wend,
Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
Where their bossy cups o'er the streamlet bend,
And their wak'ning buds thro' the piled leaves peep:
Thou shalt gather, from the oriole's hue,
Whose flaming wings round our pathway flit—
From the saffron orchis, or lupin blue,
Of these like the foam on my courser's bit.

One steed and one saddle us both shall bear,
One hand of each on the bridle shall meet,
And beneath the wrist that entwines me there,
An answering pulse from my heart shall beat.
And I'll sing thee many a joyous lay,
As we chase the deer by the blue lake side,
While the winds that over the prairie play,
Shall fan the cheek of my woodland bride.

Our home shall be by the cool bright streams,
Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat,
And our lot shall smile, like the sun's warm gleams
Through the branches around our lodge that meet.
Then wend with me, to the deep wood wend,
Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
Where the bossy cups o'er the streamlet bend,
And their wak'ning buds thro' the piled leaves peep.

Varieties.

LAW POINT.—A butler and a chambermaid were brought before Chambers, a police officer, for making a disturbance in the house of Mr. Tollemache. The butler had given the maid a kick, and upon being asked by Mr Chambers why he kicked her, replied as follows:—"She called me a stupid fellow and a hignorant hass; so I had an undoubted right to kick her; but mind, I took care that I would not commit assault upon her." Mr. C. "don't you call kicking a person an assault?" Butler: "With the shoe on, it is; but I took my shoe hoff, and then I was justified in kicking her, for saying I was a hignorant hass."

A sportsman, who during the shooting season had gone to pass a week with his friend in the country, on the strength of a general invitation, soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to wait for a special one. "I saw some beautiful scenery," was the visiter's first remark—"as I came to-day by the upper road." "You will see still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."

Madame Malibran has demanded 2,640*l* for the performances of herself and husband at the Norwich, Manchester, Worcester, and Liverpool festivals; 1,600*l*. was offered, which was refused, the engagements at Milan being more compensatory.

CANNISTERS AND CAPS; OR THE HATTER AT FAULT.

"I say, master, as you sells 'Light Shooting Caps,' can you let me have sixpen'orth for this here gun?"

"Mr. Hatter, good morning, I see that you sell
Light Shooting Caps, warranted cheap;
Now if they're all right, which I'll easily tell,
Perhaps I may purchase a heap.

"No credit I want, ready rhino for me,
And for trifles I never will split,
But the Caps that I want, Mr. Hatter, you see,
This ere Manton exactly must fit.

"Now what do you stare at, you stupid old blade,
With a mug like a knuckle of veal,
If you don't, as it seems, understand your own trade,
Perhaps with your man I can deal.

"Where the plague are the Caps? bring 'em here in a crack,
In business you never should halt,
I never before, or my name isn't Jack,
Saw a tradesman so fairly at fault."

"Sir, from duty I ne'er was accustomed to swerve,
And to business am always awake;
But in this here matter I'm free to observe
You've certainly made a mistake.

"My meaning I'm sure you will easily scan,
For you seem one of Solomon's sons;
The Caps that I sell were intended for MAN,
But never were destin'd for GUNS."

Upwards of 2,000 tickets are already sold for the Great Mary-la-bonne Festival, at Lord's Cricket-ground, on Wednesday next, and nearly thirty distinguished Liberal Members of the House of Commons have accepted invitations to attend. It is supposed there will be at least 1,500 gentlemen to dinner, and 1,400 ladies to tea A band of 100 musicians will be in attendance, and in the evening the grand and other marquees will be lit with gas in a novel and splendid manner. It is said there will be upwards of 10,000 lights.

A PROFESSOR.—A provincial lecturer at one of our scientific institutions was recently exhibiting an experiment, when the bottle in his hand flew to pieces.—"This is very extraordinary," quoth the scavant; "I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that I have performed this experiment with this very same bottle at least a dozen times, and I give you my honor it never broke to pieces in this way before."

AMERICAN FINE WRITING.—An American paper, *the Nantucket Inquirer*, in describing the festival of sheep shearing, expresses its regret at the bad state of the weather, which it says considerably impeded the amusements of the day, and concludes by informing its readers that "Providence had set his face against the whole matter," and that "the winds and the rain evinced the greatest *flatulence* and *pluviosity*." Bell's Life in London.

VERY GOOD NATURED.—Yesterday, Mr. J. W. Moller, happened to be so foolish as to tell a German with whom he had a very slight acquaintance, that he intended to sell his gold watch worth about $30. The German offered to accompany Mr. Moller to a friend, who he said would purchase it, and proceeded with him, as far as the Battery, (New-York), when he took the watch, and said, "he lives close by, I will go to him." Mr. M. still more foolishly gave it him, and the German has been ill-natured enough not to come back, with either the watch or money.—Perhaps he lives so very far off.

The Hon. HENRY CLAY lately had a marvellous escape from death. He was riding on horseback in one of his fields, surveying his cattle, when a furious bull, maddened from some cause or other, rushed towards him, and plunging his horns with tremendous force into the horse on which Mr Clay was seated, killed the poor animal on the spot. The distinguished rider was thrown to the distance of several feet from his horse, and though somewhat hurt by the fall, escaped without material injury. His deliverance was truly miraculous. Kentucky Paper.

AN ANTICIPATORY WISH.—A lady made a Christmas present to an old servant a few days before it might have been expected. It was gratefully received, with the following Hibernian expression of thanks:—"I am very much obliged to you indeed, ma'am, and wish you many *returns* of the season *before it comes.*"

TOASTS AT THE PHI BETA DINNER.—*Mr. Editor*,—Dining with the members of this Society on Thursday last, at Cambridge, we regretted to observe a certain jejuneness in the classical reminiscences of those learned brethren who were amusing themselves with

"Chasing the fleeting phantom of a pun"

through the trackless wilds of the Hellenic alphabet. Having constituted ourselves a committee, with preterpluperfect powers in relation to the whole subject matter, we have the honor of proposing the following formulary of toasts connected with Greek letters, as one which will indubitably be adopted by the Society on all future occasions.

1. The Massachusetts *Alpha* of the Phi Beta Kappa.
2. Our own *Alpha*; few can *beat her*.
3. Our *Alpha* at a dinner; few can *beat her* as an *eater*.
4. Our dinner; though every *iota* has been devoured, yet we cannot exclaim "*O meagre!*"
5. Our *Alpha* at a dinner; though an Alderman's anniversary might *cap her* upon a *Lamb day*, yet no one who views the size of her pastry can cry out "*O mikron pie!*"
6. Our *Alpha*; though accused of *gamma*-ning the community, she has now recovered from the blows her enemies have *dealt her*.
7. Our *Alpha's* old jokes; when we *seat her* at table, after the *the-tur*-moil of a celebration, we feel justified in expecting more than *heaps alone* of antiquated proli-*xi*-ty.
8. Our worthy officers; may the cares of life never so *mew* up our President, as to prevent him from checking *tau*-tology with something *new*; may our Vice Presidents enjoy the *ups alone* of life, without its downs; and though the charms of mu-*sic* may draw our Secretary from his duty, may he never have occasion to *sigh* over records unworthy of the beauty of hi *chi-ro*-gra-*phy*.

All of which is respectfully submitted. By order of the Committee.

(A true copy.—Attest.) GOG, Chairman.
Boston Transcript. MAGOG, Secretary.

The widow of M. Blacque, the editor of the *Moniteur Ottoman*, has received from the Sultan a present of 25,000 piastres, to supply her immediate wants, and the grant of a pension of 12,000 piastres per annum for her life. The Sultan has also declared his willingness to defray the expense of the education of her two sons, if she thinks fit to send them to Paris for that purpose. Hussuna Ghies, the new editor of the *Moniteur Ottoman*, brother to the late Dey of Tripoli, is to be called henceforth Hassan Effendi.

The following States have already prohibited their banks from issuing any notes under five dollars:—New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, Indiana, Alabama, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Maine.

SOMETHING LIKE A CUP.—Mr. Allanson's Lady Moore Carew and Sir T. Stanley's Jacob Faithful ran two miles and a distance for the Gold Cup at Knutsford; the mare won the race, and her owner received 15 sovereigns!—the condition being "15 sovs. each, 10 f.t, and only 5 if declared; the second to save his stake; 5 subs., 3 of whom declared!" The fortunate winner had to pay 5 guineas as the jockey's fee.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY is, we perceive, the facetious title which Captain Marryat has given to his new Novel just announced for publication. We hear, for it is a sealed book, and till ready will remain so, that it is the best thing the Captain has yet written.

The winners of the Doncaster St. Leger, from 1828 to 1835 inclusive, were The Colonel, Rowton, Birmingham, Chorister, Margrave, Rockingham, Touchstone, and Queen of Trumps.

MONO-MANIA.—"A case of mono-mania," said Mike, reading aloud, "what the devil's mono-mania."

"Arrah, dear, don't ye know; suppose you were to borry an article without axing for it, and thin forget to put it back again—would not that be staling, ye fool?"

"To be sure it would, Pat, and nothing else."

"Hush darlint, if you was a rich man it wouldn't be thieving at all—it would thin be mono-mania." Baltimore Transcript.

"Hallo, Sharp," said Pop, meeting him the other day in the street, "you hobble, my boy, what's the matter with you?"

"O I had my feet crushed, through the carelessness of a conductor the other day, between rail road cars—that's all."

"And don't you mean to sue for damages?"

"Damages! no no—I have had *damages* enough from them already—hadn't I better sue for *repairs*?" Ib.

An obituary notice of the late Capt. Elkins, of Salem, Mass, contains the following interesting anecdote:—At a period of his life, whilst master of a large ship, from this port, he was wrecked on the coast of the Texel in a most violent winter storm; at which time twelve other sail of large vessels were thrown upon the rocks and destroyed at the same place. Captain Elkins was the only one of the two hundred souls who escaped with his life from these wrecks; not a *living creature of any kind* but himself was preserved. For many hours he remained lashed to the bowsprit of his ship—amid extreme cold—every wave breaking over him; and while one after another was dropping off around him, his iron constitution and fortitude of mind bore him through. After the storm had abated, he was relieved from his perilous situation by some of the humane inhabitants on shore,—who, at imminent hazard, swam to him on horses,—and he seizing hold of the tail of one, was drawn almost lifeless to the shore. The latter part of his seafaring life was more fortunate, and provided him with a competency.

PRETTY FAIR.—A very handsome carriage and pair stopped at a silk mercer's in Manchester, one day last week, when two ladies alighted, while a gentleman remained reading within. "There," said Mr. A., who was talking to Mr. B., a neighboring tradesman, there is an elegant equipage—just the thing, is it not?—how I should like to be driven out in such a style!" "If that is your wish," replied Mr. B. very coolly, "you have only to step into the carriage at once, and you will be 'driven out' immediately."

A connoisseur the other day bought a picture at a sale in Brussels for 110 francs; it turns out to be a *chef d'œuvre* of Jordaens, for which he has since been offered 10,000 francs.

USEFUL INFORMATION.—Advice such as is contained in the following article, communicated for the Charleston Courier, must be valuable in a country where it is the fashion to carry Bowie knives, sword canes. and Alibeau pistols. We therefore do all in our power to give it extensive circulation.

An incident which occurred during the last week, and which has been noticed in the papers,—I allude to the death of Washington Bowers, from a wound in the thigh—has impressed forcibly upon my mind, the necessity and importance of the general diffusion of a knowledge of anatomy throughout the community. In this instance, a very deserving young man was hurried from time to eternity by a slight injury, the sad effects of which might easily have been prevented, by a very little knowledge of human anatomy, and the circulation of the blood. The femoral artery was punctured about the middle of the thigh, and the individual bled to death before any medical assistance could be had. Now had it been known to his companion, that simple *pressure* on the artery above the point of injury, would have suspended the hæmorrhage, the life of this person might have been saved.

Where an artery of considerable size is cut, it is in general necessary to tie it up, and in most cases, if a surgeon be not at hand, the person dies in a short time. The following simple plan for checking the hæmorrhage, until surgical assistance could be had, may prove useful. Pass a strong cord, string, or handkerchief, around the limb, and above the point of injury; tie it tight, so that it will not slip, and insert a stick of any kind between it and the limb; by twisting the stick round (which is thus formed into a kind of lever,) the cord or handkerchief may be made so tense around the limb, as to stop the circulation of the blood, which may be thus restrained for several hours, without injury to the individual.

ADAM AND EVE.—We cannot resist the temptation of alluding to an "innovation" which was made in the Gardener's Procession on Thursday; namely, that in addition to the usual emblems of their craft, they had "a representation" of Adam and Eve, very comfortably *seated in a gig*, with a small apple-tree betwixt them, and a serpent coiled amongst its branches, which, without the least metaphor, looked as ugly as the devil himself! The "images" of our first parents were *bona fide* living mortals, (both of the rougher sex,) dressed in tight skin-colored clothes, to show the beautiful lineaments of the human form, but with fig-leaf aprons of course, and who looked upon their descendants of six thousand years with the most patriarchal composure and urbanity. Adam was rather a smartish-looking fellow for the year One, having his head well *frisseured*, and a beard that would have done no discredit to Methuselah. Eve, on the other hand, reminded us of Massa Negro's couplet,

"Adam was de first man,
Eve was de *tother*;"

for although her fair features and tremendously primeval ringlets made her like enough "the mother of all living," she had the longest arms and skrankiest bust of any young married woman that ever came under our particular observation.—In short, the very idea of this "representation" was altogether absurd, and we should not have noticed it but for the merriment created by the bad taste it displayed, and to protest against its repetition. Edinburgh Scotsman.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1836.

VERY LATE FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship *Pennsylvania*, Capt. Smith, and *South America*, Capt. Waterman, arrived at this port on Wednesday evening from Liverpool, with the *Carroll of Carrollton*, Capt. Bird. The South America sailed on the 16th Aug., and the Pennsylvania on the 24th, eight days later. By the former, we have received copious files of papers and letters from the London and Liverpool correspondents of the Spirit of the Times. We have received our files of papers but no letters by the Pennsylvania of the 24th, and have every reason to believe they were purloined from our parcel after their airival here. In our absence on Thursday afternoon, a package, which had been broken open, was brought to our office by an unknown individual, who stated to the clerk that it had been "put in the wrong box." It must have got into a very bad box, too. We feel as much obliged for the recovery of the papers as a man, who has had his pocket picked, may be supposed to feel at having his wallet restored to him, after being robbed of its contents. The way we shall "look three ways for Sunday" and *that wrong box*, will be a caution!

The letter of our Liverpool correspondent will be read with zest by turfmen, and all those interested in Blooded stock. By the way, the Carroll of Carrollton brought over a splendid lot, under the care of Mr. THOMAS FLINTOFF, the groom of JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Florence, Ala., the owner of *Glencoe*. Too much credit cannot be awarded Flintoff for the skill, assiduity, and kindness manifested towards his interesting charge, which were safely landed on Thursday, and are now at the Horse Bazaar, 31 Crosby-street. They are all looking exceedingly well. A fine filly, by Humphrey Clinker, was lost on the passage; the others are not injured a hair.

We are enabled to furnish, *in advance of any contemporary*, the following list of this importation, known as "HUGH KIRKMAN's lot," and purchased on account of himself and friends. [Mr. K. has not arrived; his partner, G. A. PYNCHON, Esq., came passenger in the Pennsylvania.]

No. 1. Ch. h. *Glencoe*, 5 yrs. old, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp—Web, by Waxey—Penelope, by Trumpator—Prunella, by Highflyer.

No. 2. B. m. *Lady Fly*, 7 yrs. old, by Bustard, out of Brown Duchess, by Orville—her dam Sagana, by Sorcerer—Woodpecker—Herod. Covered by Nonsense.

No. 3. B. m. *Florestine*, 7 yrs. by Whisker, out of Flora, (sister to Oiseau,) by Camillus, her dam by Ruler, out of Treecrupes, (?) by Woodpecker—Trentham. Covered by Plenipotentiary.

No. 4. Bay filly foal by Mulatto, out of Florestine.

No. 5. Bay filly, 2 yrs., by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Capsicum, etc.—died on the passage.

No. 6. Chesnut filly, 1 yr. old, by Humphrey Clinker, out of Lady Newton, by Oiseau,—her dam by Haphazard—gr. d. by Hamford, out of Alexina, by King Fergus—Lardetta, by Marske.

No. 7. Chesnut filly, 2 yrs. old, by Mameluke, out of Bobadilla—Pythoness, by Sorcerer, out of Princess, by Sir Peter—Dungannon.

Messrs. OGDEN and CORBIN also sent out to their friends, under Flintoff's charge, the following mares and colts, consigned to ROBT. L. STEVENS, Esq., of this city:—

No. 1. *Miss West*, (sister to Teniers,) by Rubens, out of Snowdrop, by Highland Fling, out of Daisy, by Buzzard. Foaled in 1822,—with a colt foal by Cain, (by Paulowitz,) and stinted to Fungus.

No. 2. *Rosalind* (sister to King Cole), by Paulowitz, out of Isidora, by Blucher, out of Zora, by Selim—Zoraida, by Don Quixotte—Lady Cow, by John Bull. Foaled in 1829—with a colt foal (*Jaques*) at her foot, by Emancipation, and stinted to Priam.

No. 3. *Vaga*, bred by WM. VEVERS in 1822, got by Lismahago, her dam Lady Byron, by Sir Ulic—Dungannon—Miss Euston, by Snap, with a colt foal (*Vicar*) by Felt at her foot, and stinted to Sir R. W. Bulkeley's Birdcatcher, by St. Patrick.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, August 16, 1836.

We have had very little racing since my last, but *n'importe*, you shall have a letter worth reading—although *I* say it.

At *Lewes* Races, on Wednesday and Thursday, the only thing worth especial notice, was the contest for the Lewes Stakes, of 25 sovereigns each, with £100 added. The winner of the Goodwood, Drawing Room, or Brighton Stakes, to carry 7 lbs. extra, or of any two 9 lbs. extra. The return is—

Lord Lichfield's *Elis*, 3 yrs., 8st. 3lbs.	1
Lord Egremont's *Hock*, out of Emmelina, 3 yrs., 6st. 10 lbs.	2
Mr. Robertson's *Olympia*, 5 yrs., 8st. 1 lb.	3

The race was won by a length; the pace was slow until near the close. The odds were taken at 2 to 1 against Elis, 3 to 1 against Oak Apple, 4 to 1 against Hock, and 5 to 1 agst. Rockingham.

Mr. Theobald's Rockingham, (6 yrs, 9st. 11 lbs.), was not placed, neither was Lord Exeter's Luck's-all, 4 yrs. 8st., Lord Tavistock's Oak Apple, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lbs., Mr. Champion's b. g. by Lottery out of Trapes, 4 yrs. 7st., and Mr. Fairlie's Aristocrat, 4 yrs., 6st. 12 lbs.

You will perceive that Elis won, although giving Hock 21 lbs. I shall presently make some remarks on this.

Oxford Races have taken place since my last letter; also, Huntingdon, The Pottery, (where Red Rover won the plate, and Lady Moore Carew beat Birdlime by a length for the Free Handicap), the Dove-house, Leominster, Stockton, and Lamerton races; but where is the use, to American readers, of my crowding your columns with notices of the performances of second-rate horses?

Howth Park Races, (Ireland), have gone off with *eclat*. They are really "sporting" races. The first race was for the St. Lawrence Stakes of 10 sovs., half forfeit, with 100 sovs. added for hunters—racers admitted—one mile and a half heats. To be *rode by members of the Howth Park Club, Turf Club, Kildare-street Club, United Service Club, or Heaton Park Club, by members of the Coffee Room, or by Commissioned Officers in the Army or Navy.* Second horse to save his stake. This race was won by Mr. Osborne's br. h. *Delirium*, 6 yrs. 12st., beating two others. You see the interest that is kept up by the required quality of the riders—gentlemen Jockies, in fact.

But the most important race, and the only other one I shall notice, was the Vaughan Goblet, presented by the Hon. G. Vaughan to the Howth Park Races. The winner of it two successive years to keep it, with a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. 10 ft., 5 sovs. added by the Club, for half-bred horses, whether hunted or not, or for thorough-bred horses that can produce a certificate of having been fairly hunted with the Howth Stag Hounds, or any other established pack of Fox Hounds in Ireland. Half-bred horses allowed 7 lbs., two mile heats; weights for age—three yrs. old, 9st. 9 lbs.; four years old, 10st. 11 lbs.; five years old, 11st. 5 lbs.; six years old, 11st. 12 lbs.; and aged, 12st. 3 lbs. to mares and geldings. Two sovs. each entrance. It was won, after three heats, by Lord Howth's b. h. *Stiff*, by *Starch*, 5 yrs., beating Lord Mulgrave's br. h. *Wait-a-while*, and three others. Lord Howth rode his own horse each of the three heats. *This* is what I call "coming it prime;" and, indeed, search the world over and you will find few gentlemen to ride more *securely*, (we shall say nothing about *grace*), than the Irish.

We have a return of races on July 23 and 25, at Oldesloe, (in Prussia), which is of no possible importance. For some of the stakes there was the restriction: "English horses 7 lbs. extra, but not if they left England as foals with the dam." A very unwise proviso, and nine-tenths of the actual runners were English!

The nominations for some of the coming races are filling up. For the Gold Cup, at Leicester, there are entered nine, including *Florestan, Tanworth, Jacob Faithful, Independence*, and *Challenger*.

For the New Market Houghton, on Monday October 31, Lord Exeter's *Luck's-all*, 8st. 9lbs., is matched against the Duke of Beaufort's *Esmeralda*, 6st. 13 lbs., on the Beacon Course—4 miles, 1 furlong, 138 yards—for 200 sovs., h. ft.

For the Newmarket, Second October Meeting, Oct. 17, Lord Exeter's *Candia* is matched against Lord Chesterfield's c. out of Eva's dam, 7st. 7 lbs., both two year olds, T. Y. C.—5 furlongs, 136 yards—on the flat, for 50 sovs.

For the Gold Cup at Heaton Park Races, value 100 sovs., St. Leger Course, the entries are *Amurath, Mundig* and *Oswald*, each 4 years; *Gladiator, Weighton, Railroad*, and *Mordecai*, each 3 years; *Touchstone* and *Masetto*, 5 years, and *Giovanni*, aged. The rules of this meeting provide that in *this* race the horses must be rode by gentlemen, members of a Racing or Fox hunting Club.—This race takes place on September 28.

General Chasse is the only horse as yet entered for the Champion Stakes of 300 sovs. each; also to be run for at Heaton Park Races.

We next come to the

BETTING ON THE ST. LEGER.

Except some trifling betting at Manchester on the Doncaster Cup—(2 to 1 against Queen of Trumps, taken), there is no betting either in London or the Provinces worth any notice, except on the Doncaster St. Leger. When I last wrote Gladiator and Wedge were the favorites. On Monday, however, Brother to St. Giles, (purchased by Mr. Scott at Ridsdale's sale), sprung up from 16 to 1 to 5 to 1, and on Monday and Thursday was backed at the last ticket to the tune of one thousand pounds, at which quotation the odds remain. It was supposed that Scott would never have given 2000 guineas for this horse unless he was pretty confident of his superiority over Gladiator, consequently Gladiator declined in favor, 7 to 1 being offered against him. Wedge remains as he was, *second* on the list, and his friends are backing him at 6 to 1 to some amount.—Redshank, Vulture, and Trapball are backed, but not largely, and remain in *statu quo;* Beeswing slightly spoken of. Elis would be backed, if it were known whether Lord Lichfield will send him to Doncaster. The latest betting at Tattersall's is as follows:—

4 to 1	agst.	Brother to St. Giles, by Tramp (taken)
11 to 2	—	Wedge, by Picton, out of Vat, by Langar (taken)
13 to 2	—	Redshank, by Sandbeck, out of Johanna (7 to 1 t. freely)
7 to 1	—	Gladiator, by Partisan, out of Pauline
9 to 1	—	Vulture, by Langar, out of Kite, by Bustard (taken)
9 to 1	—	Trap-ball, by Battledore, out af Mercandotte (taken)
14 to 1	—	Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, out of Tomboy's dam (taken)
16 to 1	—	Colt, by Langar, out of Matilda, by Comus (taken)
17 to 1	—	Carew, bro. to Bamfylde, by Tramp or Comus (taken)
40 to 1	—	Colt, by Lottery, dam by Orville—Arbutu's dam (taken)
50 to 1	—	Ebberston, by Velocipede (taken)
1000 to 10	—	Colt, by Robin Hood, out of Lillah (taken)
4 to 1	—	Carew and brother to St. Giles (taken)
5 to 1	—	Vulture and Bee's-wing (taken)
600 to 400	on	Brother to St. Giles agst. Gladiator (taken)
1,050 to 150	agst.	Wedge, Gladiator and Redshank (taken).

At Manchester, the re-action in favor of Brother to St. Giles, and against Gladiator also has taken place. The odds are—

5½ to 1	agst.	Bro, to St Giles [t]	8 to 1	agst.	Gladiator [offered]
6 to 1	—	Wedge [tak]	12 to 1	—	Bee's-wing [tak]
8 to 1	—	Trapball [tak]	16 to 1	—	Matilda colt [tak]
8 to 1	—	Vulture [tak]	18 to 1	—	Bro. to Bamfylde
8 to 1	—	Redshank [tak].			

If there was any certainty that Elis would run for the Doncaster St. Leger, the odds would be so freely in his favor, as to place him permanently at the top of the tree. Bay Middleton is not on for the St. Leger, and, in my humble opinion, Elis is the next best—ergo would be first, at Doncaster. Independent of his running this year, see what he did in 1835, when only a two-year-old. He won the Chesterfield Stakes of £780, at Newmarket July meeting—beating the Athenian, Corunna, Tom Beasley, colt by Velocipede, Dahlia, Alfred, filly by Sultan, Emma, St. Luke, Kitty of Coleraine, Ethiopian, The Professor, El Pastor, and Menas: also £500 at Goodwood, beating Haveldar and Skirmisher; also the Clearwell Stakes of £780, beating Marmalade, Saltator, Arbaces, Alfred, Rattler, Slane, Ermine, St. Luke, Redshank, and filly by Sultan, and ran second to Alumnus, at Newmarket, 2d October meeting; won the Criterion stakes of £930, beating Slane, Mr. Wags, Galliard, Vandenhoff, Mr. Forth's c. by Albany, and The Athenian, and walked over for a stake of £475, in the H. M. If this, to say nothing of what Elis has done this season, be not good running, I know not what is.

If you bet upon the Doncaster St. Leger, take my advice, and make a reservation in favor of Elis, as he *may* be brought forward, and I hear that some think he *will*.

A history of racing in England would be a very interesting narrative. We have such things attempted—but they fail, because they are full of dry detail, and carefully omit anecdotes. For instance, it is interesting to know that in the archives of the city of Salisbury, there may yet be seen the actual deed, by virtue of which the Town Cup is every year given at Salisbury Races. It bears date March 28, 1650, and is a compact between Sir Edward Baynton (as the representative of certain Noblemen and Knights who subscribed a fund for the purpose) and the Mayor and Commonality of Salisbury. Under this deed the latter received a sum of £320, and thereupon bound themselves to provide annually for ever, "a faire cupp of silver gilte with gould," of the value of 18*l*. The deed minutely sets forth the regulations under which the race for the cup was to take place. One of these enacts that the Corporation of Salisbury shall provide yearly, "three men with muskets charged with powder to be discharged as followeth—that is to say, one of the said three men to stand at the first myles ende from the startinge place of the said race and there discharge his musket as the runnings horses passe by hym; one other of the said three men to do the like at the second myles ende from the said startinge place; and tother of the said three men to do the like at the end of the third myle from the said startinge place." Doubtless, this clever device was to frighten the horses into great speed!

EXPORTS OF BLOOD STOCK TO AMERICA.

You are pretty well aware, by this time, that the Americans are "going a-head" in the purchase of crack English produce, on the turf. Our purchasers find the disadvantage of this, while nothing delights Mr. Tattersall more than a *bid* from a Yankee at one of his sales. The fact is, the Americans will have the *best* cattle, or *none*. They are as good judges of breed and blood—of action and bone—of bottom and of speed, as any men, and, in making a purchase, it is necessary they should be, because, *here*, if a man makes the mistake of giving too much for a horse that does not suit him, he can get rid of his bargain, at little loss, nine times out of ten, while the American purchaser, after the risk and expense of carrying his purchase over to America, must put up with it, as he does with his wife, "for better or worse,"—because, in the first place, he will find that those around him are quite as much *awake* as he is, and the price he *must* get, to make him even, is more than will be given for a *doubtful* horse. In England, there are fifty purchasers of blood cattle to one in America, and fifty times the chance, therefore, of being able to get rid of a suspicious bargain.

Therefore, English purchasers look round them when they find Americans bidding—because they take it for granted that an American will not offer a price unless he wishes to buy, and that he will not buy unless the animal be "prime." At Tattersall's auction, an American *bid* will give new impetus to a lagging or sluggish sale. For instance, Linda, at Ridsdale's sale, last week, was going off for a song, until Mr. KIRKMAN made an offer; *then* the interest grew alive, and the sale progressed until the nobleman who finally purchased her, actually had to give one hundred guineas more than he might have given, had not public attention been excited by the bidding of Mr. Kirkman.

Of the whole lot which Mr. K. is sending over by the Carroll of Carrolton, perhaps the finest horse ever imported into America is that magnificent horse *Glencoe*. The get of this animal is right, and "no mistake:"—one of *Sultan*'s finest get, and *Sultan* himself did great credit to his sire, *Selim*. In 1835 (to take only one year) nineteen winning horses were got of Sultan. *Glencoe* won the Gold Cup, value 300*l*., with 550*l*., at Ascot, and the Whip at Newmarket. *Ibrahim* alone won five races, the Stakes to the value of 6,750*l*., or $33,750! Or, to make the matter "intelligible to the meanest capacity," these nineteen of Sultan's get run 46 races, the stakes amounting to a total of 12,178*l*., or $60,890. If this does not tell well of Glencoe's sire, then I don't know a martingale from a crupper, that's all!

Glencoe has cost a large sum (I think 2000 guineas) but more than one offer of 500*l*. in the bargain has been made to the purchaser.

I spent a forenoon, last week, in paying a visit to the purchases, from the King's Stud, recently made by Col. HAMPTON and Col. SINGLETON, of South Carolina, and which are now under sailing orders. They are in stable, a little beyond Aintree, near Liverpool. As I examined the lot with some attention, and knowing nothing whatever of the purchasers, I *think* I can give an *accurate*, and I am *sure* I can give an *impartial* note of what these yearlings seem to be.—Some of your Southern readers, I presume, will like to know of what sort are these new importations, by which their stock is to be improved.

The lot consists of six fillies and one colt. I shall gixe an exact transcript of the short observations I pencilled down, on inspection, in the stables.

1. Brown filly, by Sultan, out of Rachel, sister to Moses, out of Seymour of Whalebone. [N. B. Moses won the Derby, at Epsom, in 1822.] Rather a small size for the age, but neatly formed. Very fine shoulder. Her brother ran Trapball very close at the last Liverpool Races. This filly has every appearance of capability to turn out a very fine brood mare.

2. Sorrel filly, by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker. Light limbs, and active movements; particular symmetry of flank.

3. Bay filly, by Chateau Margaux, out of Curiose. Small, like all the dam's get, but muscular. Strong limbed and active.

4. Bay filly, with black legs, by Tranby, dam by Whalebone. Legs light, as all the Whalebone stock are. A handsome filly.

5. Bay filly, by Emilius, out of Hadrian, by Ammon. Large size,—has been ill: black legs; *not* a very handsome filly, but such a one as would suit the old proverb, "a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go."

6. Bay filly, by the Colonel, out of Peri. Very fine head, neck, and shoulders. Full of muscle—one of the most promising of the lot.

7. Brown colt, by the Colonel, out of Posthuma, by Whalebone. This fine colt (one of the best yearlings I ever saw) is own brother to Posthaste, which won three races (2 at Newmarket and 1 at Ascot) last season. Black legs—combines in a remarkable manner, the Colonel and Whalebone appearance—the Colonel's head, for instance, and the light legs of Whalebone. This colt, which is in fine condition, exhibits promise of strength and speed. There ought to be good temper also, for the Colonel, Posthuma, and Whalebone, were all good tempered. This colt cost $1600, and is fully worth the money.

On the whole, it is a pretty nucleus of a nice stud, and Colonels Hampton and Singleton have made a good bargain. They go over to America immediately (to Charleston direct), accompanied by one English and two American grooms.

I have given you the above, and you can publish it or not as you think fit. My own notion is that, as an unbiassed opinion, of horses whose future *locale* will be in America, these notes will be of some interest. It is highly important that the *best blood* be imported to America, if you wish to raise the *best stock*. Some Frenchmen bid, highly too, for the lot I have been describing. The American purchasers were fortunate, and "posted the coal," to make all safe, the moment they got the lot.

RIDSDALE'S STUD.

In my last I forwarded a list—the only one published in England at the time—of the prices, and purchasers at the sale of Mr. Ridsdale, which took place near York, on 3d and 4th August. Allow me to make a few remarks, not merely upon the sale, but upon poor Ridsdale himself.

The first Ridsdale sale took place in the South of England, immediately after Ridsdale was put in the *Gazette* as a bankrupt. At the second sale, at York, his brood mares, his yearlings, his hunters, and his fine racers in training, came to the hammer; the prices, as you have seen, were good, and some of them were high. Mr. John Scott gave 990 guineas for a bay colt, brother to St. Giles, dam by Ardrossan, engaged for the Doncaster St. Leger, and other stakes. Now this same colt (3 years old) has, since it became Scott's, taken the lead on the Doncaster St. Leger betting. There are two reasons for this. Scott (who has been a Jockey) would scarcely fork out the blunt to such a tune as 990 guineas, unless he was in high hopes that his purchase would turn out well: and secondly, this brother to St. Giles is of a very good get. In 1832, St Giles won the Derby at Epsom. St. Giles is by Tramp, and Tramp was a winning horse, besides that a great number of his produce are winners also.

Carew, a three year old, also entered for the St. Leger, was bought by the Earl of Chesterfield, for 780 guineas. This also is a Tramp colt.

Linda, one of Ridsdale's best brood mares (not *very* young either, being the dam of Priam,) went off, to the Marquis of Westminster, for 460 guineas—a very high price, being 50 guineas more than a spirited Yankee offered. True, she had a foal at her foot by Mulatto.

Like Gully and Beardsworth, Ridsdale rose from the lower rank of Life. Gully was originally a butcher, then a prize fighter, next a horse racer, and now a member of Parliament, possessed of large landed estates, and gradually withdrawing himself from the turf—leaving behind him a reputation as unsullied as any "sporting gentleman" ever could boast of. Gully, as he made money, quietly invested it in coal mines in Yorkshire; Beardsworth and Ridsdale expended all their winnings on their horse speculations, and thus, when the crash came, they had nothing to fall back upon. Beardsworth commenced life as stable boy, became driver of a hackney coach, then owner of a horse, then run away with an heiress, then made a fortune, and lastly, died—just when he had spent it. Ridsdale commenced his career in the stable—made money as a post boy—speculated upon some racers which were *not* favorites—won the long odds—commenced as a regular betting man and owner of racers—kept on making money—grew giddy with good luck, and fancied that he won by *genius* (of which he had none) instead of good fortune (of which he had a great deal)—increased his studs until no fortune, even hereditary, could sustain the expenses—trusted to betting to make up the *deficit*—leant upon a reed,—was beaten—could not meet his engagements—failed—was "sewed up"—and thus ends the life of a speculative turfman!

In fact, how Ridsdale kept it up as long as he did, is a marvel to me. He was scarcely a judge of horses, and thought he was. Now, here lay the difference between him and Beardsworth. The latter knew very little of horse flesh, but his head man (Palmer) did, and Beardsworth never made a bet or a purchase, without asking and taking Palmer's advice. On the other hand, Gully has an almost intuitive knowledge of the *points* of a horse; besides, he has a *knack* of betting, by which he makes money. He is careful, cautious, and very reflective on the betting stand. He knows exactly what each horse can do, and he can pretty reasonably conjecture how the wind blows, as to fair or foul play.

I have spoken of a "knack of betting"—it is little more than a knack, because there are as unerring rules for betting as there are for playing whist, or any other game combining chance and skill. By these rules, now reduced into system, a man can bet freely upon a field of horses, and so manage that he will lose nothing and may gain much. If I continue these letters, I shall, when the current sporting news grows dull, explain this system in detail, and furnish your readers with what, as yet, has never been published, a code of rules for betting at races. It will amuse, and ought to instruct them.

Our attention has been called to a communication in our last, signed "*Coxswain*," dated St. Mary's, Ga., in which the writer expresses a wish that the young gentlemen of this city composing our Boat Clubs would visit Savannah to test the speed of the boats of that city, which the writer remarks are rowed by *slaves!* The proposition was overlooked when the article was sent to the printer, or it would have been suppressed, for a more cool and unblushing piece of impudence has not lately come under our notice. That gentlemen of high character in society should be bantered by the citizens of a sister city to row against their slaves, is a proposal as impertinent as it is absurd. We should as soon have expected *Deaf Burke*, the English pugilist, to have challenged Mr. VAN BUREN, or Mr. CALHOUN to a regular set-to!

The statue of *Cleopatra*, the beauteous Queen of Egypt, is being exhibited at 175 Broadway. It has been delicately tinted since it was seen here last year, and as Byron said, looks vastly more

> ———————— "ripe and real
> Than all the nonsense of the beau ideal."

Ball's Challenge to Negro Accepted!

Mr. PHILIP G. WILLIAMS, of Pittsylvania, having by printed handbills, etc., sent to this place, challenged us to run our horse *Negro*, against his celebrated quarter-horse *Ball*, for $1000, we notify him through the medium of the "Lynchburgh Virginian," that we do accept his banter, and will be prepared to run by the last of November or 1st of December, agreeably to his own proposals, over Price's paths, near Blacksburg, it being the same track that his celebrated horse *Ball* was so unsuccessful on, in the winter of 1835, when he contended with *Negro*. We tender to the owners and keeper of Ball three week's keeping, gratis, at any place in the vicinity of Blacksburg or the paths.

THOMAS GINKOUR,
JOHN B. KEESTER.

Blacksburg, Va., Sept. 8, 1836.

Sporting Intelligence.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

There was a rumor about town the first of the week that *Post Boy* was sold South. It arose from the fact, probably, that a Southern gentleman here *made an offer* for him, which was declined. One of the penny papers states that $17,500 was refused for him, and that a fourth of him was recently sold for $5000. We have reason to believe that no offer of $17,500 (*Shark's* price) has been made for him, and that if it were, it would be refused. $13000 was offered and refused.

A strong effort has been made to induce his owner to enter Post Boy for the four mile day at Washington. We should not be surprised if he complied with the wishes of the Southern turfmen. *Black Heath* is said to be in tip top condition, and anxious for another bout. We trust Post Boy and *Mingo* will come together at the first Fall meeting on the *Union* here, or if that may not be, that a match will be concluded between them for the second. Should that be the case, what a four mile day we could have! There's *Clara Howard*, *Black Heath*, *Longford*, *Argyle*, and *Ajax*, to say nothing of other trumps from the Old Dominion and hereabouts, that could be named. There would be "sich a gittin' up stairs!"

We do not name *Veto*, or *Juliana*, or *Cadmus*, or *Ironette*, or *Middlesex*, or one of Mr. Garrison's, or Mr. R. L. Stevens's string in the possible entries for a four mile day. The fact is, in several stables there is more than one four mile horse, and one only can start; besides, where a gentleman has in training two or three that are lasting and fast, it is for him to make the selection of "soft places." Very likely we have not alluded to several nags both in this vicinity and elsewhere, of equal pretensions with those named, but if we were to go on and speak of each good one as it merits, why the very list alone would not only fill a sheet, but "fright the souls of fearful adversaries."

Zinganee and *Skylark* arrived at Norfolk last week, and have reached Dr. Merritt's at Hicksford, Va., in the most admirable condition. They are among the most valuable of Messrs. Merritt & Co.'s importations. Already considerable anxiety is manifested where they are to stand next season—a mystery that we trust will be solved at an early day.

A private letter informs us that *Cetus*, (by Whalebone, out of Lamia, sister to Quail,) was shipped in the same vessel that brought out Zinganee and Skylark, by two distinguished "Jonathans in England." Our authority is a "John Bull in America."

By the Carroll of Carrollton, now daily expected from Liverpool, was shipped *Miss West*, sister to Teniers, with a colt at her foot by Cain, and stinted to Fungus. Also *Rosalind*, by Paulowitz, out of Isadora, with a colt by Emancipation, and stinted to Priam. P. S. The Carroll arrived Wednesday.

Glencoe, with Mr. Hugh Kirkman's lot, is expected by the same vessel. Glencoe is nearly related to *Bay Middleton*, the winner of the Derby for 1836. Both are by Sultan, and Glencoe out of Trampoline by Tramp, out of Web, Bay Middleton's dam.

James S. Garrison, Esq., of Norfolk, Va., offers for sale his horse *Ohio*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy.

Gentlemen wishing to engage a *Trainer*, may hear of one on applying to Mr. Thomas Warwick, Baltimore, Md.

Here is a sporting *bill of fare*, and no mistake! It is that of the ship *China*, to sail from Liverpool to Charleston. The cargo is consigned to a friend in South Carolina, who chartered the vessel for the sole use and behoof of his importation, and we take the liberty of copying the bill of lading, which arrived here this week:—

"7 Blood Horses, 2 Durham Cattle, 6 Sheep, 12 Dogs."

Upon the authority of a correspondent in Kentucky, who is connected with the turf, we announced in this paper of the 13th August, that the match between *Red Maria* and *Chuckfahila*, at Natchez, and also that between *Hard Heart* and *Antelope*, over the same track, was *drawn!* A letter from one of the gentlemen interested in the latter match, assures us that the statement was without foundation; on the contrary, that the match has been increased by another $1000, so that it now stands thus:—Match, $3000 a side, four mile heats, *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope;* to come off on the Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Jan. 30, 1837. The above is given "*By Authority.*"

Antelope is now in training for the above match, and her engagement with *Jim Polk*, and will certainly start in both races unless she receives forfeit or injury.—She is the property of Col. Osmun Claiborne, of Madisonville, Miss., and with the balance of the Colonel's stable, is under the charge of Mr. R. Wooding, formerly trainer to the Hon. Baille Peyton, of Tenn.

A Mississippi friend writes us to this effect:—"I understand the *Lisbon Maid* has recently dropped a fine colt at Louisville, Ky., by Bertrand, (senior). You know when she left the turf she stood higher than any mare at the West or South. When I see her colt, if he is worthy of it, I will honor him with your name.—He is already named in a sweepstakes for two yrs. olds, free for all the world, with five others, one mile and repeat, subscription $1000!" May the Fates be propitious.

It is said that *Hinda*, (formerly *Susan Yandell*), will meet *Angora* and *Linnet* on the four mile day at Natchez, if all right. She will be backed agst. any three year old in the Union.

THE GREAT MATCH AT LOUISVILLE,

Between *Rodolph* of Kentucky, and *Angora* of Tennessee, in all probability, came off on Wednesday last, and the result will be laid before our readers next Saturday. Last week Angora was greatly the favorite in this section, but she has since fallen back a point in the betting. So many strangers are in town from the two States interested, that as our turfmen become better acquainted with the qualities of the rival champions, in the same proportion have they manifested a readiness to back their opinions. But the Tennesseeans here, "go their death" on the mare, while the hardy sons of Old Kentuck are equally "sweet" upon their horse.

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, has the annexed article on the subject, written a few days previous to the match in question:—

The Races.—Great sport is anticipated at the first fall meeting at the Oakland Course, commencing on the 20th of this month. A match race is to come off on the 21st, on the issue of which are staked the conflicting claims of Kentucky and Tennessee for superiority in horses. Public curiosity, anxiety, and speculation are on tiptoe. The spirit of competition has extended far and wide, and, indeed, the whole South and West are enlisted in the deep interest involved in the coming contest between *Angora of Tennessee* and *Rodolph of Kentucky*. It is emphatically a contest between states. The gauntlet has been vauntingly thrown and gallantly accepted.

But the question of superiority does not rest alone upon the race of *Angora* and *Rodolph*. Tennessee has brought forth a strong corps of reserve, consisting of the very flower of her beauty and strength. If she is beaten in the main battle; if the boasted favorite of the South is defeated, she will endeavor to retrieve her losses by minor triumphs. It, therefore, behoves the sons of Kentucky to marshal all their strength, and come prepared to dispute every inch of ground with these bold adventurers.

Old Kentuck has never yet proved recreant upon any field. In times of peril she has ever been prompt to throw herself into the breach, and "stand the hazard of the die." It is to be hoped that she will now stand the "tug of war" between horses, as she has heretofore done with combatants of a different species. Tennessee has brought the war into our own country—let the prize be awarded to the fleetest. Let not the races of 1836 result as those of 1834. Let there be an open and manly contest, and, if Kentucky is beaten, let there be no apologies to retreat behind—let us hear nothing of "letting down," "out of order," and such like jargon of sporting diplomacy. Tennessee has brought her pride and strength into the very heart of our dominions—if we are vanquished, let us generously acknowledge the defeat, and endeavor to improve the time to come by greater diligence and enterprise. Now is afforded a fair opportunity for Kentucky, not only to redeem her partial discomfiture in 1834, but to place her name foremost in the annals of sporting prowess. *John Bascomb* already sits restless upon his throne, and should *Rodolph* eclipse the Boadicea of the South, Bascomb may prepare to bow his proud neck, and yield his hard-earned laurels. The track is in fine order, the road good, the Oakland house is prepared, and every thing wears an inviting aspect to the crowds of foreigners and strangers, who are flocking from all quarters to this theatre of western and southern competition.

☞ Our Correspondents must be aware, from the crowded state of our columns to-day, that we have "not room to sling a cat." Two or three dozen articles, already in type, are unavoidably postponed.

REGATTA.

The second Annual Regatta of the *New York Amateur Boat Club Association*, took place on Monday last. It was the most brilliant aquatic sport we have ever witnessed—not only from the masterly display of rowing and fine show of boats, but also from the concourse of spectators. The whole extent of the Battery was lined with eager visitants, and the immense upper terrace of Castle Garden was densely crowded. In the expectant throng, the ladies mingled in all the panoply of smiles and beauty, and even outnumbering the men. Their gay dresses formed the best relief to the usual monotonous and heavy aspect of a crowd of men; and the busy hum of "their most sweet voices," as they were laying their wagers on their brother's boats and discussing the rival models, enlivened the scene.

The weather on Monday was excessively hot and oppressive, which made the sea breeze which you could catch at the Garden, doubly grateful.

The Stake Boat was anchored directly off the front of the Battery, (instead of being concealed as usual behind the Garden), and a line extended from it to the Garden wharf, formed the base from which the boats were to start. The Judges, Commodore Ridgely and Alderman Clark, took their stand in the Stake Boat.

At a quarter past three the signal gun was fired, and the four-oared boats took position in the line in the following uniform order, &c.

No.	*Name.*	*Color of Boat.*	*Uniform.*
1.	Gleam,	Red, White Streak.	Red and White Guernseys.
2.	Atlantic,	Black, Gold "	" " "
3.	Minerva.	" " "	Blue and Striped Shirts.

At the third tap of a drum the boats were off, but two of them running foul, they were called back for a new start, when they got off well together, rowing the distance down to Bedlow's Island without our being able to perceive that either boat had acquired an advantage; but upon rounding the Island and pulling home, one of the boats, the Gleam, fell away a little, and the contest was confined to the Atlantic and Minerva. The former gradually gained upon the Goddess, and beat her some thirty seconds in coming out. The time made by these boats, was nearly as follows:—

Atlantic	38 : 00
Minerva	38 : 30
Gleam	40 : 00

The distance rowed, we regret that we cannot give with perfect accuracy.—Some calculate it at five miles and an eighth, and this from a measurement upon the map, would seem nearly right. But we we have heard it called a full quarter of a mile less, as four miles and 7-8ths.

We should do injustice to the Gleam, were we to omit stating, that her crew are all young, and apparently all under 15 years of age; and their endurance and strength, which enabled them to make the time they did, were highly thought of on all hands.

We should also state that the race boats were very much beset by all manner of water craft during the row. The bay seemed covered with sloops, schooners, steamers, mud-scows, and "*water-million*" skiffs, jolly boats, barges, and sail boats, and not all told yet. They crowded in close upon the race boats, and in both the four and six oared match, a desire was apparent on the part of two or three boats, excluded from the Association, to run foul and impede the contending boats. The whole crowd of spectators was indignant at so contemptible tricks.

Now came off the long wished for trial among the larger six oared boats. Speculation was active, and although the odds in favor of the *Wave* were not readily accepted at the start, yet much was done about the second prize, for which the *Ariel* and *Halcyon* were the favorites. Many, indeed, were willing to take the long odds on the Wave, trusting to some accident, for the crew of that boat are famous for breaking oars and pulling away the thole pins. The *Eagle*, which came in second last year, had many friends to back her, and all the Dutch from the Village "went their death" on the Halcyon.

They started from the line in the following positions, the *Dolphin* being withdrawn on account of the absence of some of her crew whose places it was impossible to supply.

No.	*Name.*	*Color of Boat.*	*Uniform.*
1.	Halcyon,	Green, Gold Streak,	Green and Striped Guernseys.
2.	Eagle,	White, Red "	Black and Red "
3	Wave,	Black, Gold "	Blue and White "
4.	Wakona,	Black, White "	Blue Striped Shirts.
5.	Ariel.	" " "	White Shirts.

A false start was made in this case from the Wakona and Ariel running foul. A schooner was anchored so close in upon the line, that the Ariel had to swerve from her course somewhat to keep clear, and in so doing the boats clashed together; but before the signal made to return could be understood by the Eagle and Halcyon, they had rowed some hundred yards. No one regretted this false start inasmuch as in a race of the kind, the only opportunity you have for seeing them well together, and under a press of speed, is just at the start. They got off better the second time—the Wave soon leading, and thus giving earnest to those who knew, as we did, the endurance of her crew, that the prize would be hers.—The tide was setting strongly athwart the course to be pursued, and the different boats shaped their courses somewhat differently. The Wave held on in a direct line while the Halcyon and Eagle made a wide detour to the South to round some vessel lying at anchor; the Wakona pursued nearly the course of the Wave, while the Ariel was allowed to feel the force of the tide and sweep to the North. The speed was great and the sight most beautiful, as they moved so gracefully down the bay. An intervening vessel prevented us from seeing which boat first rounded the Island. When we could distinguish them on their return, the Wave was still leading, but the Ariel close at hand. As they came home they had the sun full in their faces for two miles, and we have been assured by many of either crew, that it was excessively annoying, and indeed almost overpowering.

The Wave first reached the goal, not having been headed once. The Ariel next, and won the prize allotted to the second boat. The time made, a friend noted as follows:—

Wave	30 : 00
Ariel	30 : 30
Eagle	32 : 45
Wakona	33 : 30
Halcyon	35 : 00

Neither crew manifested great fatigue, and in passing the length of the Battery we thought the Wave showed as much strength and spirit as before the race.

The three several prizes were presented to the coxswains of the respective boats in the Garden, by Commodore Ridgely, with various addresses which we have not room to give; and we must plead the same excuse for not doing justice to the Collation given in the Saloon of the Garden by the Association. (The arrival of two Liverpool packets in the same week, always crowds our columns). The members of the Association and their guests kept up their spirits and their wit with "wine and wassail" till a late hour. The gallant Commodore shone conspicuously on the occasion, keeping all in hearty roars by his felicitous sallies. If any thing can give additional popularity to our navy, it is the appointment of such officers as Ridgley to the choice stations in the service, when they may render both *it* and themselves favorites by their courtesy and spirit.

In a future article we intend saying something of the models of the boats engaged in the Regattas and their oars, and the boat-builders themselves, who were present, and eager to aid with their advice and experience. Before another year elapses, we hope some public spirited individual will set on foot a subscription to defray the expenses, at least, of the prizes given in the Regatta. An amusement so eminently appropriate in a commercial city—so invigorating and so innocent—should be encouraged. And even the ladies, whose regards ever encourage the diversion, and whose smiles crown all its triumphs, would give additional interest to these friendly contests, by presenting to the winning boats ensigns wrought by their own fair hands, and then how the breast of each rower would pant to win a prize so sanctified!

CHALLENGE FOR $1,000!

I will run the get of my stallion, *Southern Meteor*, by my mare *Betsey Metcalf*, against the get of any horse that has made a season in the counties of Hardin or Nelson the last spring, for *One Thousand Dollars*. The money to be deposited in the Bank of Louisville ten days after the foaling of the colts, or no race.

☞ Either the Louisville or Bardstown track would be preferred.

Sept. 10, 1836. STROTHER M. HELM.

POSTSCRIPT.

TRENTON RACES, EAGLE COURSE.

We are indebted to our attentive correspondent for the annexed report of the Racing and Trotting on the Eagle Course. The weights carried are 3 yrs. old, 90 lbs.; 4, 104 lbs.; 5, 114 lbs.; 6, 121 lbs.; and aged 126 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

First Day, 20th Sept. Sweepstakes for 3 yrs. old colts; sub. $300, forfeit $100. Two mile heats, 4 subs.

Jos. H. Van Mater's c. c. *Mortimer*, by Monmouth Eclipse	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's br. c. *Cumberland*, by Star	2	2

Time—1st heat, 3:58; 2d, 4:6.

Same Day.—Purse $100, for colts that never won.

Mr. Tom's b. f. *Julia Montgomery*, by Eclipse	1	1
Mr. Schenck's chesnut filly, by ——	2	2
Mr. Thurlow's b. c. by Medley	bolted.	

Time—1st heat, 1:54; 2d, 1:52.

Second Day.—Purse $200, mile heats, free for all ages.

Charles Lloyd's g. m. *Moss-Rose*, by Lance, aged	1	1
J. K. Van Mater's b. f. *Amelia*, by Lance, 4 yrs	2	2
Samuel Laird's c. f. *Jane Maria*, by Henry, 4 yrs	3	0
Wm. Gibbon's b. m. *Marigold*, by Barefoot, 5 yrs	4	0
George Dunning's c. g. *Wicked Dick*, by Grey Roman, 5 yrs	0	0
P. H. Rowlett's c. h. *John Steven's* by Henry, aged	0	0
J. H. Holmes' br. h. *Ranger*, by Bussorah, aged	0	0
H. Woolley's b. h. *Sir Harry*, by Henry, 6 yrs	0	0

Time—1:50—1:49.

This was a beautiful and well contested race. The first heat Amelia and Moss-Rose made very close running, and it was doubtful until they entered the gates of the enclosure. The grey mare won by about half a length.

Second heat, Marigold, Jane Maria, and Moss-Rose, did all the work for three quarters of a mile, when Amelia again came up, and made a desperate struggle, without success. The time is almost without precedent on this track.

Third Day.—Purse $500, 3 mile heats, $100 to go to second horse in last heat, provided he is not distanced.

S. Laird's (Gen. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, 5 yrs	1	1
J. H. Holmes' br. h. *Stranger*, by Valentine, 5 yrs	2	dis.

Time—5:54; 5:52.

For the 2 mile heats, Friday, there are 5 entries, viz,:—

D. Tom's ch. c. by Eclipse, 4 yrs. old.
S. Laird's *Azalia*, b. m. by Eclipse, 5 yrs. old.
Chs. Loyd's *Lady Van Buren*, c. f. by Jackson, 4 yrs.
J. K. Van Mater's *Monmouth*, b. h. by Richards, 6 yrs.
H. Woolley's *Sir Harry*, b. h. by Henry, 6 yrs.

And for the Trotting Purse, $200, best 3 in 5, mile hts.—

Mr. Young's *Beppo*, c. g., 6 yrs. old.
Mr. Whelan's *Dutchman*, b. h. aged.

With an inside stake of $1000.

The Trotting Purse of $100, first day, 2 mile heats, was won by

Mr. Conklin's *Locomotive*,	1	1
Mr. Bartine's *Lazarus*,	2	2
Mr. Hammitt's *Miranda*,	3	3

Time, 5:49.

Thursday.—Purse $200, in harness. 2 mile heats.

Mr. Spicer's *Washington*,	1	1
Mr. Bartine's *Dick*,	3	2
Mr. Woodruff's *Montgomery*,	2	3

The Trotting Sweepstakes of $500 each, 200 ft., 3 mile heats, under the saddle, to come off on this course the last day of 2d Fall meeting, closed with the following named celebrated horses:—

Joel Conklin's Dutchman.
Peter Whelan's Steamboat.
J. Hazzard's Lady Warrington.
C. S. Bartine's Norman Leslie.
D. Furman's Columbus.

It will make your heart leap to see that gathering. Yours, &c. L.

TABLE-TALK ABOUT TOWN.

Several of our contemporaries have recently invested their intellectual capital in the *Item manufacture*, and are carrying on "a great stroke of business" in that line. Speculation is now the order of the day, in politics, real estate, religion, lobsters, literature, peaches, stocks, "and other vegetables," and in accordance with the "spirit of the times," we have made a small investment in the "Item business." Herewith is submitted a sample of our domestic manufacture of *articles* in that line, which will be disposed of to the trade at wholesale or retail on liberal terms, for approved *credit*.

Dogs, of assorted sizes, are advertised in one of the Newburgh papers. About 3000 have been killed in this city within three months, and "assorted sizes," from an earwig to an elephant, would find a good market here just now.

Bennett has at length got hold of something tangible respecting the management of the Astor House, which he thinks will drive the boarders away. He writes a column to prove that Mr. Boydon's ice is too cold!

The statue of Cleopatra, now exhibiting at 175 Broadway, is said to be a perfect model of Helen Jewett. The "mourners" say one looks so much like both, you can't tell the other from which!

That terror to evil doers and little boys, Jacob Hayes, better known by the familiar and affectionate appellation of "Old Hayes," is said to be engaged in *literary pursuits*—that is, he is *looking after* certain graduates from the "school of reform" at Sing Sing, where they have received "a liberal education" at the State's expense.

Among the latest inventions down East, is a patent india-rubber steamboat, with a white-oak boiler.

The Mirror and Transcript are *not* to be united, as some of the penny-a-liners have pretended.

"McDowall's Journal" is to be edited hereafter by Rosina Townsend, says the Connecticut "Rail Road of Freedom and Canal of Intelligence."

Tom B. tells us that he sat down to a famous supper at Albany last week, that was a touch above the vulgar. Among other compliments paid the host, Tom says the only two things warm on the table was the butter and water.

The next volume of the Boston Pearl is to be embellished with cast-iron engravings.

There was a right smart fight in front of our office yesterday, between two clam pedlars. One was a little "how came you so," and the other "as blue as a whetstone." The soberest one had to hold up the other to knock him down.

"An apt quotation is as good as an original thought," says L. E. L., and we can prove it. In speaking of the free negroes that are congregating about this city, and their depredations on society, some wag remarks, that during the fervors of a summer's solstice, they come

> —— "from the sweet South,
> *Stealing* and *giving odor*!"

A correspondent desires to know if it is proper to call a foggy Sabbath *Sun*-day? Let him ask his mama.

Mr. Durand has given up engraving, and taken a contract for painting 50 sign-posts, says a quizzical writer in the Transcript.

It was a *grate* under-*take-in*, but a notion-vender from the vicinity of Cape Cod has invented a wooden nutmeg-grater. The man expects a seat in Congress at least, for the discovery. The State legislature should vote him a leather medal.

A new paper about the size of a June cabbage leaf has been started on Staten Island. Every body on the Island should show their *cents* and patronize it.

Whistling jigs to a milestone is commended by one of the quack doctors up town as "a speedy and certain cure without mercury," for dropsy in the heel.

Locke and Price, the editors of the Sun and Transcript, retire forthwith from their respective situations, being about to issue a new daily penny sheet, under the title of *The New Era*, ["Phœbus! what a name!"] which is to be issued on the 1st of October. It will be a new era indeed when "*Locke's* Essays" sell for a penny, and a smart little daily, like the Transcript, is sold without *Price!*

ANECDOTES, SAYINGS, AND DOINGS,

BY NIMROD,

OF THE CRACK RIDERS OF ENGLAND,

and other Sportsmen.

Nothing short of the ardor of the chase would induce a man to be torn, as it were, through a strong black-thorn fence at the rate of twelve miles an hour, without any thing to protect his head and face. Consequences, however, are out of sight in these happy moments, when things are going well and the music tingling in the ear. The following is no bad exemplar: One day last season, Bob Oldaker, whipper-in to the Old Berkeley fox-hounds, was riding at a fence, determined to catch his hounds. "Take care what you are at, Bob!" said a gentleman to him, "there is a hell of a place on the other side."—"Thank ye, Sir," replied Bob; "but a ditch or a coal-pit is all one to me;" and he never turned his head.

Every sportsman will like to hear what was the finish of the noted Will Barrow, whose halloo so often thrilled through my soul. He descended in the scale, and, from a huntsman to fox-hounds, became huntsman to the present Mr. Corbet's harriers; and an excellent one he was supposed to be. In following them one day last year, his horse fell with him, and in three weeks he was in his grave. Ye fates, how cruel! Will Barrow (as he *lived* so well with them) should have died with fox hounds, and the brush of his last fox should have waved among his funeral plumes;

"For could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honor at the height."

The most extraordinary part of Will Barrow's history is yet to come. In boxes in which he kept his clothes, in old stockings, and in all sorts of odd places, was property to the amount of fourteen hundred pounds found at his decease, besides suits of clothes—many of them never put on—sufficient for a parish!! It appears that he had not taken any steps to increase his property by placing his money at interest; neither had he any wish to settle himself in a farm, or any other respectable situation in life; but seemed to think his favorite saddle room, and the servants' hall at Sundorn quite good enough for him. His bones repose in the churchyard at Uffington, about a mile from Sundorn, and on the headstone of his tomb are the following lines:—

Of this world's pleasures I have had my share,
For few the sorrows I was doom'd to bear:
How oft I have enjoy'd the noble chase
Of hounds and foxes, each striving for the race!
But the knell of Death calls me away;
So, sportsmen, farewell!—I must obey.

I have often seen hounds fed, but never in a more masterly way than that which Will Staples, Sir Bellingham's first whipper-in, adopts, and which I will endeavor to explain. He throws open the door of the feeding-house, and stands at a certain distance from it himself. He draws a certain number of hounds, calling them by their names. He then turns his back upon the open door-way, and walks up and down the troughs, *ordering back* such hounds as he thinks have fed sufficiently. During this time not a hound stirs beyond the sill of the open door. One remarkable instance of discipline presented itself on this day. Vulcan—the crowning ornament of the dog-pack—was standing near the door waiting for his name to be called. I happened to mention it, though rather in an under-tone; when in he came—licked Sir Bellingham's hand—but though his head was close to the trough, and the grateful viands smoking under his nose, he never attempted to eat; but on his master saying to him, "Go back, Vulcan, you have no business here!" he immediately retreated and mixed with the hungry crowd. No whip was necessary to keep the hounds out of the feeding-house; and a gentle stroke of the thong—with very few exceptions—turned such away from the troughs which refused to leave them on their names being called.

The kennel which now contains Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds was built the year before last, by subscription, on a very liberal scale, on ground purchased for the purpose, and reflects much credit on Shropshire. It is capable of holding one hundred couples of hounds, with every requisite convenience, and is situated within a mile of Shrewsbury on the road to Whitchurch and Newport. Many of the hounds were last year affected by kennel lameness, owing to the dampness of the walls; but this Sir Bellingham has effectually put a stop to, by having a stove in each of the lodging-houses. Although the use of the stoves has not restored such hounds as were previously affected, yet Sir Bellingham informed me that it has completely prevented the progress of the disease; and so convinced is he of the benefit derived from warmth in a kennel, that, after this season, he intends having one large fire-place at the back of his present kennel, with flues to convey warm air into the different apartments. As it is at present, it is curious to see how the hounds enjoy the heat of the fire. They get around the stove as soon as they come in; and instead of seeing a damp steam, arising from their wet skins, hanging over them for some time, they are dry and comfortable in the space of a quarter of an hour. The temperature is of course, after a certain time, reduced; but it is amusing to see how the hounds sit about the stove, nodding their heads in a dose, as much as to say, "How comfortable we are!"

On the following morning, as we were sitting down to breakfast, Mr. Mytton requested me to accompany him to the stables to see his Oaks filly. His dress at the time (which, considering the thermometer was four degrees below freezing, with snow on the ground, was rather airy than otherwise) consisted of his shirt, slippers, and dressing gown. We walked to the stable in which the filly was, when Mr. Mytton approached her, and after jumping on her back, and playing two or three other harlequin tricks, he laid himself down at full length under her belly, with his naked head towards her heels—playing with her tail, tickling her about the legs, &c. "I cannot stand this," said I, and bolted out of the stable, though earnestly entreated by my friend to stop, *as he had not half done*.

After breakfast, we all adjourned to the stables, and looked over the hunting and racing studs. The latter consisted of twenty-two. Longwaist was looking quite fresh and well; but I saved my breath by not asking any questions. Our worthy host could not help larking with some of these, and, amongst other tricks, crept under Oswestry's belly. "He will do that once too often," said William Dilly with a sigh. "Right, Mr. Dilly," said I; "and good-tempered as your Oaks filly is, if once she get alarmed, she will knock out Mr Mytton's brains." Joking apart, this is what is called on the turf "giving away a chance;" but John Mytton will be John Mytton: "he heareth not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely;" and, like Homer's divinities, is always in mischief.

I have one more anecdote of this extraordinary man. During my visit to Sir Bellingham, Mr. Mytton dined with him twice. On one occasion, the night being very dark, the post-boy conducted him into a meadow, instead of taking a short turn in the road; and after driving him around it a great many times, without being able to find his way out, he left him there comfortably asleep in his carriage, while he came back to Sir Bellingham's for a lanthorn. As the household were all gone to rest, the Squire of Halston must have had a good many turns round the meadow; but, *fortunately for the post-boy*, he never awoke, neither was he at all aware of what had happened.

To be serious.—What would become of Shrewsbury and Oswestry races—what would become of half a dozen other country races, were it not for John Mytton? What would become of the poor about Halson? What would his friends do for a lark? All these questions I am not going to answer; but this I will say, that one of these days *he must drop short*. Indeed, what with falls from horses—run-away gigs—upset in carriages—swimming his horse over the Severn[*]—tumbling into the Severn—to say nothing of twelve paces—being hugged to death by the bear, or his brains kicked out by the Oaks filly—it is next to a miracle that he is now alive. I am sorry to say, I am almost old enough to be his father; nevertheless, unless he minds what he is at, I must see him out. If I do (as I have written my own,) I will also write his epitaph. It shall be plain and simple; no weeping over the urn—not a word about the disconsolate widow—no cherubims—nothing typical—nothing to hint as to whither his soul is gone—no humbug, but merely a record of the melancholy truth:—

Here lies John Mytton; his short career is past,
The pace was quick,[†] and therefore could not last.
From end to end he went an errant burst,
Determined to be nowhere, or be first.
No marble monument proclaims his fate—
No pompous emblems of funeral state;
But let this simple tablet say,
That, upon a much-lamented day,
There went to ground beneath this mould'ring sod
"*An honest man*—the noblest work of God."

Of the feeling towards Sir Bellingham Graham as a sportsman, the best test is to be found in the amount of the subscription raised for him during the two years he was in Leicestershire, which much exceeded that of any previous or subsequent period. For the first year, it amounted (for hounds and coverts) to the large sum of £3,160. And here I must be permitted to mention the liberal and straightforward conduct of Sir Francis Burdett, which was related to me by a member of the Melton Old Club, and therefore I can vouch for the truth of it. My friend was endeavoring to start the subscription for Sir Bellingham, and paid Sir Francis the well merited compliment of soliciting his name at the head of the subscribers. "What sum shall I write?" said my friend. "Put me down for three hundred pounds," said Sir Francis; "and if that is not sufficient, I am good for two more." There was no occasion, however, to tax his liberality so far.

As is the case with most hard-riding men, Sir Bellingham Graham has had some severe falls, but on two occasions he very narrowly escaped destruction. The following rare instance of his *pluck*, however, should not be lost to the sporting world. He was killing his fox at the end of a sharp thing, when an ox-fence presented itself. Three first-rate performers were going in the same line, but they would not have it. Sir Bellingham never turned his horse, and cleared all but the rail on the opposite side, which probably his weight would have broken; but unfortunately his horse alighted on one of the posts, and was turned over on his rider's chest. Strange as it may appear, Sir Bellingham re-mounted his horse, and rode on; but he had not proceeded many yards when he was observed by Sir Harry Goodricke to be in the act of falling to the ground, but which he was fortunate enough to prevent. From that period–about twelve o'clock at noon till nine o'clock the next night—Sir Bellingham never knew what had happened to him; and as he lay under the hay-stack—whither his friends removed him at the time of the accident—every moment was expected to be his last. The pith of the story, however, is yet to come. He was bled three times the first day, and confined to his bed five. On the seventh, to the utter surprise, and indeed annoyance, of his friends, he was seen in his carriage at Scraptoff, merely, as he said, "to see his hounds throw off." The carriage not being able to get up to the spinney, Sir Bellingham mounted a quiet old horse, (placed there, no doubt, for the purpose,) muffled up in a rough great coat and a shawl, and *looked on*. The fox was found; and, unfortunately for Sir Bellingham, took a short ring, but returned, and his hounds came to a check close to where he was sitting upon his horse. Will Beck (the huntsman *pro tempore*) not being up with his hounds, the Baronet cast them, and recovered his fox. In three fields they checked again, and Beck made a slow but by no means a brilliant cast. Sir Bellingham saw all this from the hill; and, no longer a looker-on, he cantered down to his pack, and hit off his fox again. Things still went on but awkwardly. Another error was observed; when Sir Bellingham—annoyed that a large field should be disappointed of their sport when there was a possibility of having it—taking a horn from a whipper-in, (for he could not speak to them,) got to work again. The hounds mended their pace: down went the shawl in the middle of a field. They improved upon it: down went the rough great coat in another field. He then stuck to his hounds in a long hunting run of an hour and a half over a very strongly-fenced country, and had gotten his fox dead beat before him, when he was halloo'd away by one of his own men to a fresh fox under the Newton hills.

Now what was to be done? The excitement that had carried him thus far was gone, and it was all but who-whoop. With every appearance of exhaustion, and a face as pale as if he were dead, he sat himself down on a bank, and faintly exclaimed, "How I am to get home Heaven only knows!"

When speaking of Sir Bellingham Graham as a sportsman—now of some years standing—I shall again confine myself to the echo of the public voice, as comparisons are odious. He is universally allowed to be quite at the top of his profession, and "an artist" of more than common fame. One advantage has always attended him: he has ridden the best of horses, which, with his method of piloting them, has enabled him never to be long without an eye upon his hounds.

Sir Bellingham Graham's judgment in horse-flesh is supreme. I have heard several Melton men say, that, though the stables at Quorn have often been filled with good horses, they never contained so many *good great* horses as in Sir Bellingham's time. His present stud is a very superb one. Out of the twenty-six hunters for himself and his men, there is only one—and Jack, the second whipper-in, says of her that, "though she is but a little one, she is a sweet one"—that is not well up to 13 and 14 stone, and he has ten prime ones for his own riding. Besides these, he sold two whilst I was with him, one to Lord Howe for 200, and the other, a whipper-in's horse, to Mr. Mytton, for 250 guineas, who told me he would not take 700 guineas for him from any man.

Before I quit Sir Bellingham's stable, I must mention one circumstance. In the London season last year, a country looking fellow called on the Baronet, and asked him whether he would sell two of his horses. He said he would; that they were down at Norton Conyers (his seat in Yorkshire,) and the price one thousand guineas. The countryman purchased them, and they have *never been heard of since*. Some time afterwards the countryman came again, and asked the price of Bee's wax. "Five hundred *guineas*," said Sir Bellingham. "As I have been a good customer," said the countryman, "I hope you will take *pounds*." The Baronet's answer was laconic—"I'll see you d—d first."

We have not very many instances of men really devoted to fox-hunting continuing long on the turf, though they may mix the pursuits a little in early life. This was the case with Sir Bellingham Graham. He had a few race-horses for three or four years, and made a very good finish, by winning the St. Leger with the Duchess, 12 to 1 against her; beating Dr. Syntax for the cup at Richmond, and selling her for two thousand guineas.

The axiom in breeding, that "like begets like," is, as I have before said, faithfully displayed in the human as well as in the brute race. Though the poet says

"Who, from the morning's brightest ray,
Can promise what will be the day?"

yet I venture to predict, that Sir Bellingham Graham's two sons will one day or other shine in the field. The eldest will doubtless make a sportsman; but the second—surnamed Godfrey, after his godfather, Sir Godfrey Webster, a great ally of Sir Bellingham in early days—is already nothing less than an artist, though only eleven years of age. When at home for the holidays, I never saw such "a ramming, jamming, cramming cove" of his tender years before. No Shropshire fence will turn him now; and in the joy of his heart, he rode up to his father one day, and exclaimed, "Papa! I have been before Nimrod the whole run."

Joking apart, Godfrey Graham is a wonderful performer; and I think I may venture to call him "a promising young one." It happened one day, that Mr. Henry Montagu (a noted bruiser) and myself got into a gentleman's pleasure-grounds, the only way out of which was to drop down a sunk fence into a rocky hollow road. We both dismounted; and as I turned round to pull my mare down, I perceived *her shoes were much higher than my head*. Our friend Godfrey was close at our brush; and, strange to say! he rode down this place, and thought it nothing. The only way to account for it is, that the old mare he was on has been fourteen years in his father's stable, and I suppose she let herself down the wall like a cat out of a cupboard.

It was said of the famous Duke of Cumberland, that *out of his boots* he was an excellent fellow, but *in them* he was a devil. As the Duke was a soldier, this of course alluded to him when *on and off duty*. Sir Bellingham forms something like a parallel here. Up to the moment of his getting upon his hunter, and taking hold of his hounds, he is one of the best-humored men in England; but further this deponent sayeth not. I will not pronounce of him, what a friend of mine used to say of a certain Noble Lord in that situation—namely, *that he looks as if he would bite you*; but there are times when it is well not to go too near him. This doubtless arises from two causes: first, his anxiety to shew sport; and secondly, a consciousness of a superiority of judgment, which cannot well brook being interfered with. Sir Bellingham also is an exception to one general rule; he is less polite to his friends in the society of the ladies (the bitch-pack,) than he is in that of the gentlemen (the dog-pack); but this must be attributed to the same cause. Spots there are on the sun, and nothing which our eyes are permitted to behold is perfect; but take Sir Bellingham Graham as an English gentleman—as a friend and a companion—in the words of a Member of the Melton Old Club, as "a downright, straightforward, honest, good fellow"—and though last, not least, as a master of fox-hounds and a sportsman—we may say of him, as has been said of many, that we shall not often "look upon his like againt."

MR. FORREST'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.

This gentleman took a farewell benefit at the Park theatre on Thursday night, and was honored with a crowded house. He played Othello with much effect, was received throughout with the enthusiasm that has been displayed from first to last during his engagement. At the close of the tragedy, upon being called for by the audience, he came forward, and was greeted upon his appearance before the curtain with an united welcome from every part of the crowded theatre. After it had been so warmly, and indeed, so rapturously expressed, he acknowledged it in nearly the following language,—in the delivery of which he was repeatedly interrupted by the plaudits of the audience. "Ladies and Gentlemen—I were indeed insensible, did I not feel deeply, this undivided token of your kindness and encouragement. Standing before you as I do, in this costume, I am irresistably carried back by the tide of memory to that period, when in the character I have to-night attempted, you took me, a tyro in the art, by the hand, and led me encouragingly, yet not without salutary censure for my imperfections, along the path I then began tremblingly to tread. To-morrow I set sail for England, to fulfil an engagement entered into with the manager of the Covent Garden theatre; an engagement, allow me to add, which was not sought by myself, for I was willing to rest content with the applause of my own countrymen. In addition to the most earnest and flattering overtures on the part of the manager of that theatre, and the request of several English friends, I was induced to accept it, by the entreaties of many friends at home, who would have me solve a doubt that has sometimes been expressed, whether an English audience would receive with impartiality an American actor." [Here a voice from the pit exclaimed, with much apparent feeling, "They will! They will!"] "I have no doubt," resumed Mr. F., "that they will. In obedience to these suggestions, I have determined to present them with an American play, to be supported by the humble talents, which you, my countrymen, have fostered. There, if I grow, the harvest is all your own. Whatever may be the result, my chief pride and pleasure will ever be to deserve, as I have ever received, the encouraging smiles which greet me on the shores of my own country. Ladies and gentlemen, wishing you health, peace, and prosperity, I bid you, reluctantly, farewell!"

Express.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE OPERA.

"The last"—it is a knell-like phrase—be it said of what it may. Why, the most disagreeable face in the world, seen for the last time, acquires

The charm of forest woods decayed—

a sort of

Pastoral melancholy.

It has at least the satisfaction of being seen no more. But what a mournful sound "the last" is, when it has to be said of something only too charming, of "the last night of the Opera." The sun of the musical world is set; the temple of flirtation is closed; and London in despair salutes the Destroyer—a deity who presides over August, September, and October, alias over grouse, partridges, and pheasants. Take it only as a spectacle, it is the most brilliant in theatrical Europe. I saw it this very year on the birth-day. The company came forward to sing God save the King, and the whole audience stood up. It was like a splendidly illuminated picture-gallery—every box formed a separate group—worthy of Vandyke or Reynolds. The first rising of the white plumes was singularly striking. By the by, what a test of high breeding it is to wear feathers. Some wear them with a sort of staid solemnity, like horses in a hearse; others, as if oppressed with the load, like a basket-woman, weary with the weight of half Covent Garden on her head; and a third set toss them above, with what Leigh Hunt would call an "uneasy jauntiness." But to wear them, as the swan wears her white wing, or the bird of Paradise her crest, must, as the elderly Countess said concerning standing without fatigue in the Royal presence, "be born with you." Not a box in yonder sparkling circle but has its history or its poetry. History, as belonging to some well-known person; or poetry, because some face looks from it, of which it is impossible not to dream. In that box to the left is the Conqueror of Conquerors, he who only met other generals to realize the boast of Camourgi, who, when he was told that "Prince Eugene was a great General," answered, "then I shall become a greater at his expense." What he said, our English hero did. We should like to know what fairy fantasie of those days—

When he was but a page, and lord
Of his own hopes, and of his sword—

is floating upon those cadences of *aure felice*. Perhaps only the remembrance of his own skill, for *anch'io sono pittore*. He himself was an amateur, and declared, "when warm with youth he bade to song farewell," that "it was as hard to part with one's music as with one's mistress." Though, according to Charles de M. in the box below, the difficulty is to get your mistress to part with you.

The last-named cavalier is a finished specimen of the Parisian *merveilleux*, a class quite distinct from our exquisite dedicated to St. James. Like Ulysses—

Back from his brow a length of hair unfurls;
His hyacinthine locks descend in curls—
A fragrance breathes around.

But there, we believe, the likeness ends. His costume has something of the sunniness of his native skies about it, and he reposes, as it were, on the sense of his own perfections. Some one was laughing with him about a negative he was said to have suffered at the hands of Miss E., a since appropriated heiress. "Bah!" exclaimed he, "*est ce que je suis un homme que l'on refuse, moi!*" While on the score of heiresses, that is the very box where a late match began to be broken off—

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissention between hearts that love.

Here a waistcoat was the cause. It was too bad—now it really was too bad—to prefer the work of the sister to that of the ladye-love. Penelope spent some years in making a shroud for Laertes. When the suitors forced her to finish it, it is to be hoped he did not object to wearing it; though he might think that there was no hurry in the case. But as there is occasionally love-making without marriage, so there is occasionally marriage without love-making. In the third tier are seated a lady and a gentleman. The lady is pretty, but has been prettier; the gentleman looks what Vauxhall-songs call "hearts of oak," and the *Plymouth Herald* "the pride and defence of their country." Miss K. was a belle and a beauty, whose fiat was confirmed by Lord Henry C. You cannot do more for a beauty than marry her, and this he proposed to do.

The wedding day appointed was,
The wedding feast provided;

when, to alter the American epithalamium just the least in the world—

The bridegroom caught a shocking fright,
He sickened, and he fly did.

Lord Henry became suddenly conscious of his own unworthiness to possess so many charms, and while the bride was waiting in the church, he reversed the ballad of "Jock o' Hazeldean," and instead of the lady, the gentleman was "no seen"—his Lordship having taken fright and post-horses. The lady waited, till, whether for want of her breakfast or of her lover, she grew pale as her satin dress. Suddenly an individual rushed into the church,

E'en such a man, so wan, so spiritless,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead o' night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burned.

He had to mention the disagreeable fact, facts usually are disagreeable things, that Lord Henry was at least twenty miles on his road to London. The bride looked ready to faint—but ladies do not faint unadvisedly in their very best bonnets. Before indeed she had time, a young man sprang forward—Admiral he is now, the handsome Lieutenant he was called then. "Miss K." said he, "I shall only be too glad to take the place of that d——d shabby rascal. I have been long in love with you, though I did not know it till this morning."—"Very good of you sir," said the yet-to-be-bride, "it is a pity to be dressed so nice for nothing!" and married sure enough they were.

But the season is over. How many incipient attachments, "catching genial warmth" from those crimson curtains, now drawn aside for the last time, will fade before the dullness of the country, and the coolness of six months' absence. A second season is a very different thing from the first. From the rose to the thorn is but a step—a world of disappointed hope is around. "The last night of the opera!" Epochs are terrible things, they remind us how Time passes. Now if Time would behave like a middle-aged gentleman, and only pass away himself, he would be missed as little as respectable middle-aged gentlemen usually are; but, alas, he takes so much away! He is a conqueror, who sweeps everything before him,—beauties, riches, pleasures, plate, and pictures. Alas, over the "last night of the opera," as over every other pleasure, we may write up the Arabian proverb, which says of youth—"The remembrance it leaves is a sigh."

London Court Journal of Aug. 6th.

An Efficacious Hair Powder, rape of the Locks, &c.—We heard an anecdote the other day of old Shaffer, of whom so many stories are told, and who years ago used to "cut up such shines" in and about Boston, which we believe has never been published. No matter if it has, we give it in our own way.—Some years ago, one very hot day in summer, a number of blacks, wishing to wind off "Bobolition Day" with a dance, went over to Roxbury, and wanted Shaffer to let them have his hall for a ball in the evening. "Dis a sel'ct company, massa Shaver, of gemmen and ladies of de first sciety, and we want tings done up nice." "Oh, certainly—certainly; but, Sligo, I can't let you have the hall except on one condition." "Well, what dat, My. Shaver?" "Why, its the fashion now to have the hair powdered, and if you'd all dance with your top pieces whitened, so as to be genteel you may come, and I'll find the powder to boot." "O goshee! certainly, Mishter Shaver! dat be jist what we wanted to suggest. We want to take de shine off your common dancers." "I'll suit you then to a hair," said Shaffer. Things were thus all settled, and at the appointed time some fifty or a hundred blacks, in high glee and spirits drove up to Shaffer's with their Dulcineas, dressed up in all the colors of the rainbow. The "gemmen" were taken into a separate room, where Shaffer had placed three or four persons with lots of powdered lime, with which to set off their curly tops in the "most approved fashion." The lime was put on "pretty considerably thick," rubbed in, &c., and when their heads were all "finished," as the writing master says, they went to work in the hall, and for about four hours put the double shuffle and pigeon wing into the floor "about the slickest." It was a very hot night, and of course the company of dancers perspired freely, and for some reason or orther, the perspiration appeared to take place about the head more abundantly than elsewhere. This of course produced an immense scratching with the hands in the region of the upper story. "Holloo there," bawled the fiddler, "Miss Philisy, what be dat lock of wool on de floor! gosh—guess all we black birds be goin to shed our feathers." And the fiddler ceased fiddling, laid down his instrument, and began to scratch and pull away with both hands upon his head, "like all possessed." Off came his hair in admirable profusion. What was the matter! The dance ceased, and all the dancers came to a halt. The scratching and pulling of hair had become general. The poor fellows when they got tired of scratching themselves, bent over to have their heads rubbed by their "sweethearts," who administered such consolation with the ends of their fingers and tops of their voices as they could. The "gemmen" began to perspire more freely than ever, both from fatigue and from affright, for their hair began to fall out so fast and abundantly upon the floor, that they soon presented the appearance of a company of bald-headed dancers. "Massa Shaver, what in de Lord's name dis mean—what dam powder dis here. We be all dropping off at de head." But Shaffer, having got the pay for his tickets, was for a long time among the missing. The blacks soon found out the mystery, however,—that when they began to dance and perspire, the lime began to slack, which in a little while took their hair off, and tickled their skin rather uncomfortably. They soon after departed much lighter than they came. "Old Shaver said he suit us to a hair," quoth old Sligo, "but guess next time we know enuff to wear wigs."

N. H. Eagle.

The Editor of the New York American takes us to task, for spelling bouquet without the "U" in the first syllable. The correction was required, and hereafter we may say to our respected contemporary, "whenever, sir, we are making a bouquet of what is most agreeable, we shall certainly think of "U."

U. S. Gazette.

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[*] The year before last, Mr. Mytton swam his horse over the Severn, though he himself cannot swim; and a short time since he fell into one of the deepest parts of that river out of a ferry-boat, and was only saved by a friend catching him by one of his legs as he was in the act of getting under the boat.

[†] Nil violentum est perpetuum.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY--AMERICAN WINE.

At the Swiss settlement of Vevay, Ind., the grape is extensively cultivated, and a very respectable wine called "Constantia," after a Cape wine of that name, which it resembles in taste, is manufactured. When Vevay was in its infancy, the Hon. Henry Clay, then Speaker of the House of Representatives of the U. S. received a present of three bottles of this "Constantia" wine—and hereby hangs a tale, related to us the other day, by a gentleman who heard it in Kentucky. Admiring its flavor, and surprised to hear that wine of so good a quality was raised on the banks of the Ohio, Clay, after having drank two bottles, requested his wife to lay aside the third, in order that when he went to Congress, he might take it with him to present to President Madison,—not doubting that he would be as much surprised as himself had been, at this specimen of domestic manufacture. Accordingly the third bottle was carefully deposited in the cellar, and on going to Washington, Mr. C. took it along with him. In crossing the Alleghanies, fearful that it would get broken, he carried it in his hands a considerable part of the way, and on more than one occasion during the fatiguing passage, triumphed over a strong desire to refresh himself with its contents. On his arrival at the capitol, he sent the "Constantia," with a sketch of its history, to the President. A few days after this, a grand diplomatic dinner was given at the "White House," and Mr. Clay, among others, had an invitation and attended. After the cloth was removed, the President ordered the servants to bring clean glasses, as he had a new kind of wine, on which he wanted the opinion of his guests. The glasses were produced—filled with Mr. Clay's "Constantia," and passed round to the company." Clay felt as if the "death agony" was upon him —he feared the result of this comparison of his American wine with the rare European liquors which sparkled upon the table. At length, after the smacking of the lips had ceased, the President, addressing himself to Mr. Wirt, then Attorney General, said: "Come Mr. Wirt, you are a connoisseur, what do you think of Mr. Clay's wine?" "Why, to tell you the truth, Clay," said Wirt, "I don't know what sort of *wine* you call this, but it tastes to me confounded strong of *Kentucky Whiskey!*" Clay felt as if he should sink to the floor with mortification, but keeping his countenance, answered: "Well, I don't know but it does so. I should rather think that it did—but we call this excellent wine in Kentucky;" —and thus the matter passed off with some merriment. On his return to his family, Clay related the circumstance, when one of his boys spoke out—"Ah, father, I can tell you how it happened. Tom and I were down cellar one day in search of something to drink, when Tom took up the bottle mother had laid away, and before knowing what it was, drank off half its contents. Fearing a discovery, we filled it up with a bottle of whiskey we found there, and laid it aside again." Thus was the *whiskey* taste discovered by Mr. Wirt satisfactorily accounted for. Such were the incidents attending the first bottle, perhaps, of American Constantia, or rather whiskey, that found its way over the Alleghanies from the banks of the Ohio.

Greenfield Gazette.

MR. HACKETT.—In the London Morning Herald of the 2d August, we find the following notice of our estimable fellow-citizen, who, it will be seen, is delighting the Londoners with a touch of his quality:

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Last night, after an absence of three years, Mr. Hackett, the celebrated American actor, made his first appearance upon these boards, in his favorite character of Col. Wildfire, in Bernard's farce of the Kentuckian. Mr. Hackett's reception was most cordial and enthusiastic, and must have been most highly gratifying to his feelings. The piece, also, which was received with great favor, when first presented at Covent Garden, and subsequently at the Haymarket theatre, met last night with as lively a welcome here. The Col. in whom are blended fine animal spirits, with vast good humor and great generosity, but withal an enormous braggart, was in the happiest manner hit off, and in the very life pourtrayed by Mr. Hackett, who seems as if he could in reality "jump higher, squat lower, dive deeper, keep longer under, and come up drier," or do any other of the impossible things he spoke about. His performance was throughout received with great approbation, and the piece was given out for repetition with unmixed applause. Mrs. F. Mathews, it is fair to add, did great justice to the part of Mrs. Luminary, and Messrs. F. Bennett, Hemming, and Bland, also did the utmost for their respective characters. This piece attracted an excellent half-price, so that after it the house assumed a full and cheerful appearance.

THE RENFREWSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY AT GREENOCK.—The regiment, as it marched rank and file into town, had a most imposing appearance. The soldiers, consisting of 250 grown up *babies*, had as much the appearance of regular soldiers, as automatons have the resemblance of men; and were, generally speaking, the fawning dependents of the great landholders of the county, with a few fools, and a larger proportion of ignorant conceited coxcombs, who imagine that they acquire considerable importance by wearing regimentals, marched in the order and with the regularity of a flock of geese making for a barn door, the music of their trumpeters seemingly signifying little, as the movement of both men and horses practically exemplified the **many various** ways there are of moving **the same** bodies. In general the troopers sat as upright as they are accustomed to do in the counting house or shawl warehouse, and the horses held up their heads to the full as well as when they wear the cart collar. In passing along the streets of the town, it appeared as if a number of the heroes were frightened at their high mettled steeds, while not a few of the steeds appeared very much alarmed at their riders, and the principal part of the spectators who lined the streets had reason to be afraid of both.

Glasgow Post.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND AND THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY AT SEA.—Off the coast of Norway the magnificent yacht belonging to the Duke of Portland, in a full gale of wind, nearly foundered. The facts are as follows: —The Duke of Rutland was in his berth, when he awoke and found his bed clothes drenched with water. His Grace threw himself out, and found the cabin floor deluged; ascending to the deck, after alarming his son, he was the first person to communicate the circumstance to the man at the helm. All hands were ordered up, and they worked at the pumps all night, even the Noble Duke and the Marquis, in their shirt-sleeves only. By the constant exertions of the captain and crew, the vessel was brought home without touching at any port. The event happened about a fortnight ago, and their escape, as the captain said, was miraculous. The Duke of Rutland arrived in town on Wednesday night, at Sir F. Trench's, in Bolton-row, Piccadilly.

THE HAIR OF A HORSE CAN BE DYED.—The prejudice against white legs, and a large patch of white on the face, has produced attempts to change the color. By means of certain dyes, white hair can be rendered black or red, approaching to dark chesnut. The deception, upon a close examination, can generally be discovered, either from the dissimilarity between the natural and the artificial color, or by the abrupt junction of the two, when a portion of the white has been untouched. Sometimes, however, the cheat passes unnoticed, until the moulting season, when the dyed hair falls, and is replaced in its original color.

Stewart's Advice to Purchasers of Horses.

A prize tragedy called Caius Sillius, or Slave in Carthage, we observe to be in rehearsal at Cincinnati.

The real estate of the city of New York is assessed at three hundred millions of dollars.

The Custom House, Banks, and other public offices in Boston, were closed on Wednesday last, on account of the commencement at Harvard University.

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat "Lizzard," one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, "The Goddess of Liberty," of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.

June 13th, 1836. jy 23.

FULL BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the following mares of the best native and imported blood; in consequence of being overstocked, he will sell them at reasonable prices. Should they not be sold previous to the first Fall meeting at the Union Course, they will be offered at the next public sale day, at Tattersall's, succeeding the above meeting.

1. Sorrel Mare, 12 years old, got by the Bussorah Arabian, dam the old Flynn mare, by imported *Baronet*, *Captain* (full bred son of imported Lath), *Bold Briton*, Jolly Sportsman (also by Lath, out of an imported mare), &c. This mare has two crosses of the justly celebrated horse Lath.
2. Sorrel mare, 4 years old, by *Am. Eclipse*, out of No. 1.
3. Sorrel mare, 3 years old, by imported *Barefoot*, out of No. 1.

Richmond, Staten Island, Sept. 10, 1836. BILLOPP B. SEAMAN.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.
2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.
3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.
4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.
5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.
6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.
7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
july 2 Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

BLOODED HORSES.

I OFFER for sale a great variety of Breeding Stock, embracing some of the best brood mares in America, both native and imported, now in foal to the imported horse *Consol*. Also sundry Colts and Fillies, of different ages, embracing some of the favorite crosses on both sides of the Atlantic; they can be seen at the stock farm at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Madison County, North Alabama.

No. 1. Imported mare *Design*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1827, got by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens; she was a respectable racer; her foals also for sale. *Julia Tattersall*, a splendid bay filley, dropped in England in 1835, got by Windcliffe, by Whalebone. Also, her foal of the present year, dropped at the Mills. A chesnut colt, *B. Tattersall*, got by Acteon, at the Hampton Court Stud, with his engagements—Design stinted to Consol.

2. Imported mare, *Delight*, a bay, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1828, got by Reveller, out of Design's dam.—Delight was a capital race mare; her produce, 1835. A bay colt, *Little England*, got by Windcliffe as above, 1836, ch colt. by St. Patrick, winner of the St. Leger, and now in the Riddlesworth stud; both very promising.

3. Imported mare, *Sessions*, a brown, bred by Lord Egremont, in 1826, got by Wanderer. out of Centaur's dam, an Orville mare, out of the dam of Selim and Rubens. Also, her foal, *Egremont*, a bay colt, 1835, got by Lord Egremont's Nimrod, by Whalebone, out of Thalestris.

4. Imported mare, *Vamp*, a bay, bred by Lord Sligo, in 182 , got by Langar, out of Wire by Waxy, Whalebone and Whisker's dam. Langar was by Selim; Vamp lost her foal on the passage, and is now stinted to Consol—Vamp is of the true 4 mile stock.

5. Imported mare, *Gabriella*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Yates, in 1829, got by Partisan, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews, her dam Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick, by Pot8os—Drab by Highflyer, Hebe, by Chrysolite—Proserpine, sister to Eclipse; Gabriella is a very fast mare, and stinted to Consol.

My native stock is, in part, very select.

6. *Sally Bell*, by old Archy; she is the dam of (Cathleen, sold) ch filley, 1835, and ch colt, 1836, all by Leviathan, large and fine.

7. *Cleopatra*, ch mare, bred in 1831, got by Bertrand, out of a Pacolet mare, grandam by imported Diomed, she has a ch colt at foot by Leviathan, and was stinted early to Consol.

8. Chesnut mare, by Sir Charles, out of a Bedford mare, colt foal at foot by Glenroy, and stinted early to Consol.

9. *Lithgow*, bay mare, by Revenge, he by Ball's Florizell, Diomed, &c., her dam by Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, imported Brilliant, her produce, 1833, bay colt by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Wild Bill, 1835, bay filley by Wild Bill, and now stinted to Consol.

10. *Jane*, bay mare, by Drone, out of a Blucher mare, by Durock, Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, &c. &c., her produce, 1833, bay filley by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Leviathan, 1835, brown colt, by Cock of the Rock, 1836, bay colt, by Count Badger, and stinted to Consol.

11. *Kate*, a bay mare, by Blucher, a son of Duroc, out of young Miller's Damsel, sister to American Eclipse; Kate's dam by Feather, out of an imported mare; Feather by Light Infantry, &c.—she has a filley foal at foot by Col. Camp's Whalebone, and stinted to Consol.

Not being engaged at present in a training stable, I offer for sale a capital son of Leviathan. Chesnut colt, *Tom Cringle*, foaled at the Mills 14th March, 1832, got by Leviathan, out of my old Archy mare, bred by Benjamin Jones, of Greensville, Virginia; her dam by imported Diomed, grandam by Wildair, (the grandam of Timoleon,) g. grandam by Driver, g. g. grandam by imported horse Fallow, out of a Vampire mare; he is a splendid horse, full of bone, and has all the requisites of a Turf horse, of the first order, and is now in exercise for the approaching fall races; he would be a valuable acquisition to any racing stable.

Bay Filley, dropped in 1834, got by Bertrand, out of a Topgallant mare. Grey Filley, dropped in 1835, got by Jerry, out of a mare by old Quicksilver; with sundry other colts and fillies, several of them engaged in important sweepstakes. Many gentlemen have been breeding for years without having the offer of such stock to breed from. As to the pedigree and performances, those that wish to examine can find the English Stud Book and Racing Calendars, and all the American Turf publications at the Mills.

Mares and foals when sold together, can be delivered when called for; mares sold without their foals now at foot, can be delivered to the purchaser the 1st of Sept.

Imported horse *Consol* has made a splendid season, and will remain at the Mills the season of 1837.

Persons applying by letter, will please direct to Huntsville.

Huntsville, July 19, 1836. E. H. BOARDMAN.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the boat of the *Ariel Club*, of Castle Garden, built by W. & E. De La Montaignie: is thirty feet keel, pulls seven oars, is sound and in complete order, and with oars, cushions, flag, etc. will be sold a bargain for $175.

For further information and examination of the boat, apply to

a 6-2t. JOHN W. GOULD, 71 Cedar-st.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wadcutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—SPURZHEIM.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them.

J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,08. The money ($10 a copy should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.

a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

SAM JONES' FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River.

Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.

BY JAMES HORN, Jr., corner of Nassau and Pine streets, New York.

List of Wines, &c.

Madeira.		*Champagne.*	
Howard, March, & Co. per bottle	$2 00	Chateau d'Ay, quarts	$2 00
Blackburn & Co. quarts	2 00	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 00	Heidsick, quarts	2 00
Old Cabbot, quarts	2 50	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 25	Oil de Petrix	2 00
No. 1 Brahmin, (1826), per bottle	3 00	Comet	2 00
Wanderer do.	4 00	Cross Bow, quarts	2 00
Sherry.		Do. pints	1 00
Pale, on draft, quarts	1 50	Anchor, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	75	Do pints	1 00
Duff, Gordon & Co. quarts	2 00	Bacchus, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	1 00	Do. pints	1 00
Lobo's celebrated Pale, quarts	2 50	*Cordials.*	
Do. pints	1 50	Anisette	2 00
Brown Sherry, (Smith, Bailey & Co.)	2 00	Curaso	2 00
Port.		Marischeno	2 50
Smith, Woodhouse & Co. quarts	2 00	*Claret Wine.*	
Do. pints	1 00	Chateau Margaux, (1825) Lynch's	3 00
Lingham	2 50	Larose do. do.	2 50
Old, (bottled in Oporto) quarts	3 00	Palmer do. do.	2 00
Do. pints	1 50	St. Julien, (1834)	1 00
Rhenish Wine.		Medoc	1 00
Moselle	2 00	Braun Mouton	1 00
Marcobronner	2 00	*Porter & Ale.*	
Hockheimer	2 00	Burton Ale, quarts	50
Johannesberger	3 00	Do. pints	25
Burgundy.		London Brown Stout, quarts	50
Chambertin	2 00	Do. pints	25
Pomard	2 00	Philadelphia Porter, quarts	25
Clos. de Vogout	00	Do. pints	12

Together with a great variety of other Wines, which may be had by the bottle or otherwise.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE, Capt. J. Benson, The CHAMPLAIN, Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY, " J. G. Jenkins, " NORTH AMERICA, " G. Lathrop,
" OHIO, " M. Bartholomew, " DE WITT CLINTON, S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS, J. P. Dean.

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owners of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them - it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases.

W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease.

CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols, Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN.

D. L. P. WRILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a6.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga. - - - -	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John*, vs. *Miss Medley*.
Alexandria, La. - -	Rapides Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside, h. ft. *Corsair* vs. *Wings*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Rhubarb* vs. *Taglioni*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $10,000 aside, $5,500 bye; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Dec. 15.
" "	Match, 3 m. h., $6,000 aside, $2,000 bye; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Dec. 16.
Baltimore, Md. - - -	Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Bath, Ky. - - - - - -	Jockey Club, Olympian Spring Course, last Thursday, 29th Sept.
Bean's Station, Ten.	Regular Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
Broad Rock, Va. - -	Jockey Club, Tree Hill Course, Ann. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, Sept. 27.
Batesville, Ark. - -	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, last Thursday, 29th Sept.
Boston, Ky. - - - - -	Nelson Co., Fall meeting, 1st Thursday, 6th Oct.
Charlestown, Va. -	Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 26th Sept. On the 1st day, a
" "	Match, $1000 a-side, —— heats, *Charles Scott*, vs. *Florinda*.
Camden, S. C. - - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Columbus, Ga. - - -	Jockey Club, Western Course, Ann. Fall meeting, 4th Monday, Oct. 24.
Centreville, L. I. - -	Near N. Y. City, *Trotting Course*, First Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 27th Sept. The grand trotting sweepstakes, $500 sub. 1st week in Oct.
Danville, Va. - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Franklin, La. - - - -	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Florence, Ala. - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 24th Oct
Frankfort, Ky. - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 28th Sept.
Fairfield, Va. - - - -	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, 1st day, $5000 aside, 4 m. hts, *Admiral* vs. *Margaret Armistead*.
" "	Match, 2d day, $1000 aside, 2 m. hts. Ch. c. vs. B. f., both by Sir Charles.
Gallatin, Ala. - - -	Lowndes Co. Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday in Nov.
Hagerstown, Md. -	Annual Fall meeting, of three days, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
Haymarket, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 5th Oct.
Jackson, Tenn. - - -	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
Kendall Course, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Oct.
Louisville, Ky. - - -	Association, Oakland Course, Second Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, Oct. 18.
Lexington, Ky. - - -	Association Course, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Nov.
New-York City. - -	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Natchez, Miss. - - -	Ann Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. b. c. by Longwaist; Feb.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $2000 a side; f. br. to Naked Truth, vs. f. by Muley; Feb.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $3 000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*. Jan. 29, 1837.
Newmarket, Va. - -	Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
Nashville, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 27th Sept.
" "	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Newberry, S. C. - -	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov., near Court House.
Oxford, N. C. - - - -	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Oct.
Pittsburgh, Pa. - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, Thursday, 29th Sept.
St. Louis, Mo. - - - -	Sweepstakes, [not the regular Club meeting], Friday, 16th Oct.
Tree Hill, Va. - - -	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, Ann. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Trenton, N. J. - - - -	Eagle Course, Second Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Nov.
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct. On the 1st day, a
" "	Match, -- heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Camilla*, vs. *Charles Magic*.
" "	Match, -- heats, $300 aside, h. ft. *Partnership*, vs. *Sumpter*, Oct. 8.
Washington, D. C. -	National Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

The New York Mirror.—Inman's beautiful portrait of Fitz Greene Halleck has been delightfully engraved by Parker, and adorns the Mirror for the present week. It is an exquisite specimen of the fine arts, and a capital likeness. The artist has caught the very expression, character, and spirit of the poet, and the man is before you in this admirable portrait. "Halleck, how are you, my fine fellow! You are a devilish good-looking fellow, and if this picture of thine does not win the heart of many a lady-fair, we have no skill in prophecy." "It would get thee a wife, my master, only that thou art incorrigible, and sold to single blessedness. Fie on thee, a poet and *alone*."

The literary contents of this number are not a whit behind its pictorial embellishment. Here we have an array of names:—

"First in our files, our pioneers of mind," Bryant has an article about the writings of his friend and brother poet, as liberal and just as it is beautifully and chastely written—and N. P. Willis has another of his "Loiterings of Travel," which are winning for him every where an unrivalled reputation.—Col. Knapp—Haynes Bayley—Fay—Dunlap—Schroeder—Mayer—Miss Sigourney—Mrs. Emmerson, and several others, have also contributed to the number under notice, and their literary gems sparkle and glitter in the beautiful casket before us, like so many diamonds, of the purest water, set in the best taste. We must not omit to mention the melody on the last page: it is a delicate morceau; the words are by Col. Morris—the music by Charles E. Horn. Of the typography, it is almost useless to speak—that is always perfect. Among the editorial articles is one that we make bold to extract. Here it is:—

Slanders of the Public Press.—Our attention has been called to the following paragraph in a late Commercial Advertiser, copied from the Philadelphia Gazette. Its appearance in a respectable paper, and the echo that it imbodies of an often-repeated calumny, induces us to take that notice of it, which, from its origin, it would not have merited.

"The presentation, by our Minister, Mr. Stevenson, to his majesty, the king of England, of Mr. Tehodore S. Fay, as secretary of legation of the United States, and his acceptance by his majesty, will give great pleasure to the friends of Mr. Fay. We have long known him as a friend, and a gifted young man, whose modesty is only equalled by his merits. Warm in his feelings, simple in his manners, and elevated in his thoughts, he is a fit incumbent of the place not long since held by Washington Irving. The objections which we mentioned a few days ago, as belonging to *chargés and attachées* in general, will not apply to Mr. Fay. His appointment was regularly made, and at home. He will not perambulate through Europe, leaving bills unpaid, 'by virtue of his office!' nor will he abuse the confidence and hospitality of those with whom he may come in contact. There is about him neither puppyism nor peculation; and in this respect there is a strong contrast between him and some of *his* immediate contemporaries."

Little as Mr. Fay would value the source of the compliment herein contained, it expresses that which honored lips have equally pronounced, and which we, as his oldest friends, can repeat with the emphasis of better knowledge and authority. He is worthy to represent his country, and will honor it. To the remainder of the paragraph, however, there is an allusion which cannot be mistaken, to Mr. Willis, the only "immediate contemporary" of Mr. Fay, who has filled a similar office abroad, and, of course, the only one to whom the parallel can apply. He is accused of "puppyism and peculation," and of "perambulating through Europe, leaving bills unpaid by virtue of his office." Of Mr. Willis's "puppyism," those are the best judges who have enjoyed what the author of the above paragraph could never enjoy, for the best of reasons—his personal acquaintance. The other charge we simply, and in the most unqualified terms, declare *false*.—We will forfeit that which distinguishes us from the author of the paragraph, if he will produce a single unpaid account of Mr. Willis's in any country, or mention the name of an individual upon whom he has "peculated." This is one of those pure inventions of envy which have assailed the character of our young fellow-countryman in his absence; inventions by those who canker at the heart, till, by truth or falsehood, they can find some other cause than his merits to account for the distinction and honor which he has everywhere met. It is one, we say, of many such creeping slanders; and, in taking the trouble to pluck forth this reptile to the light, we trust we shall have acquainted our fellow-countrymen with the lurking places of the brood, and put them on their guard against its multiplied and secret poisons. Not to be misunderstood, we repeat again that Mr. Willis has not, to his knowledge, a single unsettled account in Europe; but if such exist, either abroad or in this country, they will be immediately paid on presentation at this office. Why it should be necessary, however, that an author should keep his account for the world; why it should be necessary, in this indelicate manner, to publish that upon which other individuals claim a right to be silent, as exclusively their own business, is a question which the proper feeling of the public must decide for itself. Necessary, it certainly is, however, while respectable newspapers will repeat the details, (false or true), of an author's private life; and necessary it will be, till this growing and shameful abuse of our public press is remedied, and the authors of such calumnies driven, as in England, to degraded and unnoticed obscurity.

A more offensive paragraph than that from the *Philadelphia Gazette* has never disgraced the press of this country. It was written by a Mr. *Willis Gaylord Clarke*, and we publish his name that all men may know him. It is expectorated in envy of Willis, of whom this Mr. *Willis Gaylord Clarke* imagines himself a *rival!!!* We mean to look into the merits—if he has any—of this person shortly, but in the meantime shall content ourselves with the publication of the above notice, which, coming as it does from the journal of which Mr. Willis is one of the editors, and probably from his own pen, may be looked upon as pretty good authority for all the statements that it contains; but whether Mr. Willis is in or out of debt, is nobody's business but his own and his creditors, and it was a despicable thing on the part of Mr. *Willis Gaylord Clarke* to perpetrate the mean-spirited paragraph that we have copied from the Mirror.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle.—The Providence people are going to give their principal tavern-keeper a public dinner.

FROM OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT.

Philadelphia, Sept. 21, 1836.

Dear Porter,—Colton, in his Lacon, says that criticism is like champagne;—if so, my simple scribblings must be the veritable mousseaux, for no sooner did the last bottle appear, than it brought forth a loud and empty pop, with plenty of fizzling, bubbling, and steaming. But the effervescence has subsided, and the swallowers of the draught did not find it so very nauseous after all. Some men will "quarrel with occasion," or without occasion, and fancy that a detail of the *facts* of the day must be an attack upon their means of life. I have frequently had occasion to speak favorably of Wemyss and his establishment, as you know. These notices have always been passed by as things of custom, unacknowledged and unthanked. But immediately there is one word that can be *twisted* into dispraise, pop! out comes the cork, and then—fiz, froth, and fume!

Mr. W., in his letter of contradiction, kindly corroborates all my assertions. My letter was written before the opening of the Walnut-street theatre, although you did not print it till the following week. Mr. W. confesses to the absence of several favorites, and it was not for me to guess who was engaged to supply their places. I merely mentioned the names of the absentees, who were announced at other theatres; but if I had assigned any ill-natured or discreditable reason for their non-appearance, then indeed there would have oeen some cause for the nonsense about "an attack."

There are, at this moment, severel worthy and talented ladies and gentlemen, members of the Walnut-street company, who, although not mentioned in the manager's letter, deserve an especial mark. Mr. Charles Porter and his son are great favorites with the Philadelphians, and have been a strong support to the interest of the theatre in more ways than one. Mr. Hadaway is a low comedian, of well-known talent, and Mr. Conner fills the first parts to the perfect satisfaction of the audience, and in return they fill the theatre on his benefit night to the perfect satisfaction of Mr. Conner. Mrs. Willis deserves all the popularity she enjoys, and that is saying a good deal for her deserts. Mr. D. Read really was a popular member of the Park company some time ago, although he has slipped your memory. If these names had been announced previous to the commencement of the season, my remarks about the difficulty of procuring a company would never have been made—although the New York papers have daily a string of four or five advertisements from managers wanting actors. I have no more to say on this subject. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*

I am afraid we shall have no Regatta in Philadelphia this year—there is a want of confidence amongst the fashionable clubs, and the boats most likely to win have not sufficient influence to establish a general and first-rate match. There has long been a talk about forming an *Aquatic Association*, in imitation of the New Yorkers, but it does not seem likely to take place. The beautiful waters of the Schuylkill have been deserted by the match boats for the more boisterous and busy Delaware. It is strange that a city boasting of two such fine rivers, and owning more than a dozen clubs, possessing many beautiful and well-formed boats, should be unable to form sport for even one public day in the season.

The *United Bowmen* held their annual archery meeting last week, but the shooting was far from good; the range of shot and line of sight were new to the archers. The clammy heat of the day relaxed the strings, and of course had a very material effect upon the sport. Dr. Griffiths won the first prize. Crowds of well-dressed and lovely ladies graced the ground, who never missed their mark, but struck the eye at every shot.

One of the New York papers called the society the United *Bacon* Club of Philadelphia. Was it a misprint? or where is the joke?

The new Race Course in Jersey, nearly opposite the city, in the vicinity of Camden, is rapidly progressing. The subseription list fills well,—some distinguished turfites head the list, and we hope to show sport there pretty early in the ensuing Spring.

Some considerable excitement exists here about a match against time, which is to come off next week. (I will send you all the particulars.) A horse of trotting celebrity is backed to go twenty miles within the hour. The odds are pretty considerable against the horse, and if achieved, it will be a new leaf to our laurels. A bay poney, bred by Duffy, and now in the possession of B. Ingersoll, Esq., lately, for a small wager, trotted, under saddle, sixteen miles in 58 minutes and 19 seconds, without any previous training, the bet being made only the night before. The last mile was done without distress in less than three minutes. He can be backed to do the eighteen miles within the hour.

Now for theatricals. Forrest's amazing success at the Chesnut-street of course is known all about. Booth drew great houses at the same time at the Walnut—a fact that speaks volumes in proof of Booth's undiminished popularity. Mr. and Miss Cooper are now playing at the latter house—and Celeste has not had very great houses at the other. Power begins next week; he is now drawing great houses at Baltimore.

TO SPORTSMEN AND BREEDERS.

BLOOD HORSES FOR SALE.—Will be sold at the Horse Bazaar, 31 Crosby-street, at Public Auction, on Monday, 3d Oct., at 12 o'clock, M., the following stock:

No. 1. Bay Mare by Henry, out of the dam of Cadmus, she by that well known running Horse Florizel, who was by old Diomed, her dam by Oscar, grand-dam by Hero—g g d by imported Gabriel—g g g d by Chatham—g g g g d by imported Slim—g g g g g d by Old Figure—g g g g g g d by Dove—g g g g g g g d by Othello. Vide Turf Register, Vol. I.

No. 2. Sorrel Mare, 3 years old, by Moscow, out of No. 1. Moscow by Eclipse; his dam by Florizel. Vide Turf Register, Vol. I.

No. 3. Gray Mare, by Winter Arabian, dam by Young Baronet, grand-dam by Young Dæmon; g g dam by Gray Alfred; Young Baronet by imported Baronet his dam by Othello, grand-dam by imported Figure, great grand-dam by Delancy's imported Wildair, who was re-shipped to England. Young Dæmon by imported Dæmon, who was by Dormouse, a son of Godolphin Arabian, his dam by imported Fearnought, out of a Janus Mare. Gray Alfred was by Lindsay's Arabian.

No. 4. Brown Bay Horse, very beautiful, foaled in 1832, by Col. Wm. R. Johnson's celebrated running horse Trumpeter, out of No. 3. Trumpeter by Sir Solomon, by imported Tucklebury, out of Hickory mare; her dam the imported mare Trumpetta, by Trumpator.

No. 5. Bay Mare, four years old, by Old Eclipse.

No. 6. Brown Bay Filly, by Hickory, dam by Young Duroc.

s 24. STIMPSON & COWAN, 31 Crosby-st.

CLEOPATRA.

JUST returned from the South.—Mr. Le Bert has the honor to inform the patrons of the Fine Arts, that the celebrated Statue of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, has arrived in this city, and is now exhibited at 175 Broadway.

Hours of exhibition from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.

This splendid piece of sculpture is an original modern production of unsurpassed merit in all its parts. In beauty of proportion, contour, anatomical accuracy, expression, attitude, and high finish, it is a work which stands unrivalled in the wide catalogue of modern productions. s 24.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE first Fall meeting over the above course will come off on Tuesday, Sept. 27, 1836, and contiuue three days.

FIRST DAY.

At 1 o'clock, a Purse of Two Hundred Dollars, two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse or a match for that amount.

Same day.—A Purse of $100, two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never won money.

SECOND DAY.

At 1 o'clock, a Purse of $200, two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses.

Same day.—A Purse of $100, mile heats, under the saddle, best 3 in 5, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for that amount.

THIRD DAY.

At 1 o'clock, a Purse of $300, three mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses.

Same day.—Sweepstakes for pacing horses, mile heats, best 3 in 5, subscription $25, and $50 added by the proprietor; three or more to make a field. The said sweepstakes will be closed on the first day of the meeting, at 5 o'clock, at the course.

N.B. The winners of each day's purses to be excluded from entering for any of the after purses—and the weights in all cases agreeably to the rules of the course. Should there be but one horse start for any of the above purses, he will be entitled to but one half of the purse won. All horses entering, must enter the day previous to the trot, at or before five o'clock, at the course.

Centreville, Sept. 12, 1836. JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

P.S. The sweepstake advertised to come off the first week in October, subscription $500, half forfeit, was closed on the 10th of September, when the following horses were entered, viz.: Columbus, Lady Warrington, and Dutchman. s17.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. Boardman enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

James Jaclson & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.

Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, $100 entrance, h.f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland and as far south as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

To be run for 1839.

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled spring 1836. To be run spring 1839, mile heats, entrance $1,000, forfeit $250. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837. Now eight subscribers and more promised.

jy 23. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

KENDALL COURSE RACES.

FALL MEETING, 1836.—The Races over this Course will take place on Monday, Oct. 24. it being the 4th Monday, and continue six days.

The first will commence with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, two mile heats, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit; to which there are three subscribers, and closed, to wit:

1. Col. John Heath names b. f. Miss Carmichael, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred.
2. Jas. S. Garrison names c f Virginia Fairfield, by Timolian, dam by Virginian.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr old colts and fillies, one mile out, $50 entrance, $25 forfeit; to carry a feather; name and close the Jockey Club day, at the Central Races.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY.

First Race, a Silver Plate, valued at $300, two mile heats, the entrance money depending on the number of entries; the winner to take plate or money.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 yrs old, that never won a Race, one mile heats, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; five entries and closed:

1. Col. Jas. M. Selden names b f Miss Phillips, by Sussex, dam Brunett.
2. Col. John Heath names b c Archer, by Sir Charles, dam by Lady Bollingbrook.
3. Gen. Thos. Emory names g f by John Richards, dam called Fanny Wright.
4. Also c c James C. Tilghman, by John Richards, dam by Tuckyhoe,
5. Jas. B. Kendall names c f Mary Granvill, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke.

THIRD DAY—WEDNESDAY.

Jockey Club Purse of $400, three mile heats, entrance $20.

FOURTH DAY—THURSDAY.

Jockey Club Purse of $700, four mile heats, entrance $30.

FIFTH DAY—FRIDAY.

First Race, a Purse of $200, free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia, two mile heats, entrance $15.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, bred or owned in Maryland or District of Columbia, two mile heats, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; 4 subscribers and closed, viz:

1. Y. N. Oliver has not named.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. names g c Frederick, by Byron, dam Alicroker.
3. James S. Garrison names c c Charles Majie, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Majie.
4. James B. Kendall names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.

SIXTH DAY—SATURDAY.

A Trotting Race, a match for $500, two mile heats, in harness, between Mr. James Dull's b g Jack Downing, and Mr. Harry Richards' ch g Defiance.

Second Race, same day.—A Purse of $100 to be run for, one mile; the best three in five; free for all; entrance $10.

☞ The above Purses will be *paid in cash, without discount*. The Course has been improved since the last meeting, and is now in excellent order, as is also the Training Track. Ample provision has been made for the accommodation of horses visiting the course. Good Stables to accommodate sixty horses, free of charge, are in readiness. Feed of every description will be provided to accommodate those that may want. In presenting the above Bill of Fare, the Proprietor hopes it will give general satisfaction to the liberal Sportsman.

Baltimore, September, 1836 [s 24] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

NEW YORK RACES, FIRST FALL MEETING, 1836.

Will commence 1st Tuesday in October next.

1st Day, Tuesday, October 4th.

A Sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. William Wynn,	names,	ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
2. I. S. Snedecor	"	produce of Turk's dam by Sir Lovell.
3. Samuel Laird	"	s. f. by Henry, dam Modesty.
4. Jno. C. Stevens	"	produce of Romp by Henry.
5. Ro. L. Stevens	"	produce of Lalla Rookh by Henry.

Same day, a Match, two mile heats, for $5000 a side, half forfeit, between the ch. c. Coronet, by Henry out of Medoc's dam, and ch. f. Fanti, by Henry, out of Janett, full sister to Sir Charles.

2d Day, Wednesday.

Purse, $300, two mile heats.

3d Day, Thursday.

Purse, $500, three mile heats.

Same day, Sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance 300, half forfeit. Ten Subscribers.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Wilkes,	names,	b. c. by Henry, dam Ariel.
2. S. O. Jacobs	"	s. c. out of Transport, by Henry.
3. R. Tillotson	"	filly out of Polly Jones
4. C. Green	"	Manhattan by Henry, dam Filho mare.
5. Wm. Wynn	"	ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam Isabella.
6. Jno. C. Stevens,	"	produce of Janette by Henry.
7. T. Pearsall	"	full brother to Alice Grey.
8. John C. Craig	"	c. by Eclipse, dam Betsey Archer.
9. Do.	"	produce of Arietta by Medley.
10. Jacob Van Dyke	"	gr. f. by Medley, dam Rosalinda.

4th Day, Friday.

Jockey Club Purse, $1000, four mile heats.

For the Second Meeting, Fall, 1836, the following Sweepstakes have been made:—

Sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. B. B. Seaman	names	Dusty-foot, by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
2. R F. Stockton	"	his colt Bergen.
3. Also	"	his colt Cumberland.
4. J. H. Vanmater	"	ch. c. African, by Valentine, dam by Marshal Bertrand.

Sweepstakes (for colts and fillies that never won a race—if five start, the second in the race to receive back stakes,) two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. L. Stevens	names	s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
2. Robt. Tillotson	"	ch. c. Coronet, by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
3. I. S. Snedecor	"	Wilson's filly, by Henry, out of Di Vernon (Cadmus' dam).
4. J. Bathgate	"	c. by Henry, dam Sheley, a Bussorah mare.
5. Alex. L. Botts	"	ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Purity, (by Archy, out of Trifle's grandam.)
6. John C. Stevens	"	s. c. Sirocco, by Henry, out of Lady Jackson.
7. Also	"	ch. f. Fanti, by Henry, out of Janette.
8. Thos. Pearsall	"	c. by Talma, out of Dove.
9. Wm. Jones	"	ch. f. Fleet-foot, by Barefoot, out of Eleanor.
10. Jos. H. Vanmater	"	bl. f. Bonny Black, by Valentine. dam by Ratler.
11. Jas. S. Garrison	"	b. c. Stockton, by Eclipse, out of Iris, by Archy.

New York, Sept. 10, 1836.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.
DAVID H. BRANCH.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

OVER THE WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C. Fall meeting, 1836, will commence on the second Tuesday (11th) in October next, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY.

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200, forfeit $50; 2 mile heats; 5 subs., and closed.

1. Thomas Emory names b c by Sussex, dam Corinna, by Ogle's Oscar.
2. Y. N. Oliver names b f Hortensie, by Sussex.
3. James B. Kendall names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
4. Francis Thompson names g c Isaac of York, by Sir Charles.
5. Wm. Grove names b f by Restless, dam by Sir Archy.

Second Race—Same day.—The Washington Plate, value $500; 2 mile heats; the winner to take the Plate or money at his option; sub. depending on the number of subscribers.

SECOND DAY.

A Poststake for 3 year old colts and fillies; 2 mile heats; sub. $500, forfeit $250; four or more to make a race. To close the 5th of October.

Second Race—Same day.—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; 2 mile heats; confined to the District of Columbia and Maryland; sub. $100, forfeit $50; five subscribers, and closed.

1. George L. Stockett names b f Mary Seldon, by Sussex, dam the dam of Harriet Maynard.
2. M. D. Bowie names Charles Magic.
3. Philip Wallis names g f Molinera, by Medley, dam Algerena.
4. James M. Selden names f Miss Philips, by Sussex, out of Brunette.
5. T. R. S. Boyce names c by Sussex, out of Jessie, by Telegraph.

THIRD DAY.

Proprietors' Purse, $500; 3 mile heats; entrance $20.

Same day.—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; sub. $100, forfeit $50; three or more to make a race. To name and close the evening of first day's race.

FOURTH DAY.

National Jockey Club Purse, One Thousand Dollars; four mile heats; entrance $30.

For the above Purses and Sweepstakes an unusual number of horses will be here, affording better racing than at any previous meeting. The course will be in good order. Stables and litter gratis.

Washington, D. C. Sept. 12.

Y. N. OLIVER,
JAMES S. GARRISON, } Proprietors.

Sweepstakes to be Run over the Kendall Course, Fall meeting, 1836.

1. A Sweepstakes, for colts and fillies, three years old—$300 entrance, $100 forfeit. Two mile heats. Three subscribers and closed.

1. Col. John Heth names b. f. Miss Carmichael, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred.
2. Jas. S. Garrison names c. f. Virginia Fairfield, by Timoleon, dam by Virginian.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names b. c. by Henry, dam by Eclipse.

2d. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, (that never won a race) one mile heats—entrance $100, forfeit $50. Five entered, and closed.

1. Col. Jas. M. Selden names b. f. Miss Phillips, by Sussex, dam Brunette.
2. Col. John Heth names b. c. Archer, by Sir Charles, dam Lady Bollingbrook.
3. Gen. Thos. Emory names g. f. by John Richards, dam Fanny Wright.
4. Also, c. c. John C. Tilghman, by John Richards, dam by Tuckahoe.
5. Jas. B. Kendall names c. f. Mary Granville, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke.

3d. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia. Two mile heats—$100 entrance, $50 forfeit; to which there are four subscribers, and closed.

1. Y. N. Oliver has not named.
2. Robt. Gilmor names g. c. Frederick, by Byron, dam Alli-croker.
3. Jas. S. Garrison names c. c. Charles Magic, by Sir Charles, dam by imp. Magic.
4. Jas. B. Kendall names b. c. by Henry, dam by Eclipse.

4th. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, two years old, one mile out; $50 entrance, $25 forfeit—to name and close on the Jockey Club day, at the Central Race Course. There are now two subscribers, and several others promised.

The Races will take place, as advertised, the 4th week in Oct. The purses, which shall be liberal, and all particulars will be given in due time.

Baltimore, Sept 11, 1836. [s17] JAS. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The New Series of the Spirit of the Times, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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